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Memorial Day

Ignoble Fate of a Robin Hood

By Charles Goddard

ERNEST TERAH HOOLEY, England's "Horatio Alger" boy, has reached the end of his fabulous rags-to-riches career, at the age of 87, as poor as he began.

The story has a wrong ending because it had a wrong start. His father, a small lace manufacturer, wanted the youth to learn the business from the bottom, as a mill hand in his factory at Long Eaton, Derbyshire.

Ernest walked out on his father, however, saying that he preferred to find something where he could begin at the top. He did, too, becoming famous, one of Britain's richest men or at least spending like one, not only mixing with nobility, but actually hiring Peers of the Realm to work for him, at $25,000 a year.

Though many a beauty set her cap for "miraculous" Hooley, including Lily Langtry, loveliest of them all, he remained a bachelor to the finish, true to his one great love, money—which finally deserted him.

Young Ernest did not reach the top in one leap. First he took a job with a stock broker in Nottingham where he made his first contacts with wealthy customers and learned the peculiar vocabulary known as "investment patter." The young man seems to have had an ideal salesman personality, a keen, hawklike face which, at the right moment, would melt into a big-hearted, benevolent smile. While selling securities, he sold himself to some of the richest customers.

That was the age of bicycles and other mechanical innovations. One day he induced several small cycle manufacturers to combine to avoid cutthroat competition. The combine was successful and though his cash profit was modest, he built a reputation from it that was far from modest.

Soon he was on his own, as a promoter, floating schemes in connection with the new industries; each more daring than the previous ones. His biggest single deal was in 1890 when he bought the Dunlop Tyre Company for $15,000,000, reorganized it and sold $25,000,000 worth of its new securities. This venture was a sound and permanent success.

At this point Hooley seemed to have reached the limit of his powers. His benign smile and golden tongue were more persuasive than ever but he had only 24 hours a day to use them on wealthy investors and so much time had to be wasted on social functions to meet them.

He sent out thousands of brilliantly contrived letters, but somehow they did not get results. How could he put personality into them?

Then came his greatest inspiration, the "noble guinea pig," now in almost universal use to put over money-begging schemes and known as the "stuffed-shirt front." The idea was not absolutely new—few outstanding rackets are—the horse thief came before the automobile thief, changing the brand mark, instead of the license plates. Hooley's revolutionary idea was innocently suggested by Lily Langtry, as he related after his downfall.

With her he attended a big charity festival, and remarked about the chorus of women, stating that he had no idea there were so many beautiful singers in the world. The Jersey Lily laughed and replied:

"You simple, gullible man. Those ravishing beauties cannot sing a note—they are just stuffed chemises."

"Lily, that's impossible," he protested, "you can see them singing."

"No, Ernest, they are just going through the silent, facial gestures of singing, for which they are trained like a ballet but the singing is coming from real singers on low chairs behind them.

"Great voice and great beauty are rarely found in the same body.

"If you don't believe me, come backstage and I'll show you."

After she had taken him backstage and proved her point, the great Mr. Hooley put on his hawklike expression, indicating penetrating thought, then asked:

"But people must entertain these dumb beauties and surely the hostesses ask them to sing—then what?"

"Very simple," the great actress replied. "They explain that their contract forbids singing for anyone without written consent from a personage who is conveniently absent."

"Perfect!" commented Hooley, breaking out his beaming smile. "Why didn't I think of it?"

"What use would that little theatrical trick be to a financier?" she asked. "There is little profit in it."

"The idea might be developed," was Hooley's reply and soon it was. On every letterhead and prospectus appeared names of impecunious Lords, heading the lists of his boards of directors. Many were too dull-witted to have run a bootblack stand and often it was necessary for these dignitaries to grace dinners and other public events with their presence. This made no difference to Hooley whose orders were:

"Just suck on your gold-headed cane, look unapproachable and say nowt, absolutely nowt."

The price of this golden silence was $25,000 a year and how the public, especially the middle-class rich, rushed to get in with these noble figureheads who would surely not "stoop to entering trade" unless the project were a gold mine.

Ugly stories began to spread, however, when some of his enterprises collapsed, leaving investors holding the bag, after the financial wizard had taken his profit. It was then that he put on the Robin Hood act, letting it be understood that he was only robbing the rich to help the poor and seemed to prove it by endowing homes for the indigent and making various spectacular donations. Such a benevolent person must be honest at heart, thought all but his victims.

Though he was skating on thin ice, all went well, until 1912 when some of the "bag-holders" got him a 12-month sentence for perjury on an affidavit in a land deal. Then, in 1922, he got three years for fraud.

The first offense was overlooked by many stockholders as the honest mistake of a busy man, but the second and the fact that he had been associating with the notorious confidence man, Horatio Bottomly, was too much.

His enterprises collapsed like houses of cards and he returned to his home town, a bankrupt and ex-convict, living in a boarding house but, to the bitter end, benignly smiling. There he died recently among his ruined dreams.

Ernest Hooley was not the inventor of the Robin Hood racket, which was old when the bandit of Sherwood Forest made it famous, but he was one of the earliest—to work it in high finance.

The Birth of an Idea—Lily Langtry Shows Mr. Hooley the Off-Stage Voices.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

DOCTORS PROVE 2 out of 3 Women can have LOVELIER SKIN IN 14 DAYS!

I ACTUALLY DREAD MY SUMMER VACATION, ANN! THIS DULL, DINGY-LOOKING SKIN OF MINE ALWAYS SPOILS MY FUN!
CHEER UP, CHERUB—YOU HAVEN'T TRIED THE 14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN YET!

WHY, ANN—WAS IT THE 14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN THAT MADE YOUR COMPLEXION SO MUCH FRESHER AND BRIGHTER LOOKING?
OF COURSE! YOU KNOW, 36 DOCTORS-LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS—TESTED THE PALMOLIVE PLAN ON 1285 WOMEN AND PROVED IT CAN BRING A LOVELIER COMPLEXION TO 2 OUT OF 3...IN JUST 14 DAYS!

I TRIED THE PLAN AND IT WORKED FOR ME! YET IT'S QUICK AND EASY AS A-B-C!
A WASH YOUR FACE WITH PALMOLIVE SOAP!
B THEN, FOR 60 SECONDS, MASSAGE WITH PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER. RINSE!
C DO THIS 3 TIMES A DAY FOR 14 DAYS. THIS CLEANSING MASSAGE BRINGS YOUR SKIN PALMOLIVE'S FULL BEAUTIFYING EFFECT!

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 DAYS!

IF you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

P.S. FOR TUB AND SHOWER, GET THE NEW, BIG, THRIFTY BATH-SIZE PALMOLIVE—ENJOY PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER ALL OVER!
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PALMOLIVE

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

NEW Colgate-Palmolive-Peet SUDS saves work as soap can never do!

VEL* cuts dishwashing time in half!

Dishes and glassware gleam without wiping!

Just a quick rinse and even glassware dries sparkling clear without time-wasting wiping! Vel leaves no soap scum or streaky film to polish away. Pots and pans cleaned quicker, for this new Colgate-Palmolive-Peet suds removes grease faster, more completely than soap. No dishpan ring. Vel cleans dishes cleaner than soap and saves up to half your dishwashing time!

MILDER TO HANDS!

Vel is not a soap but an entirely new and different suds that is completely neutral...milder than soap.

Stockings stay lovelier, sheerer-looking!

Keep stockings lovelier longer . . . sheerer-looking . . . free from coarsening soap scum by washing them with Vel! No soap-fading. Many delicate washable colors stay bright up to ten times as long with Vel as with soap, for there's no color-dulling soap scum with Vel!

*VEL is the trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.

MarVELous for DISHES · STOCKINGS LINGERIE · WOOLENS! Instant SUDS in hardest, coldest water!

The Sisters Bickered and Fought From Their Pigtail Days

Fighting

By Gene Coughlin

Olivia De Havilland and Joan Fontaine, Rivals From Early Girlhood, Are Still Engaged in a Bitter Family Feud Now That Each Has Won a Place in the Cinema Sun

HOLLYWOOD, busily engaged spending millions for the right to make movies from fiction so fantastic that much of it is unbelievable, hasn't discovered a real life drama enacted in its own front yard; a true story in search of a producer — the story of the De Havilland family feud.

It features two beautiful sisters, Olivia De Havilland and Joan Fontaine, each of whom has been recognized through Academy Awards, as a First Lady of the Screen.

It is a story of rivalry and conflicting personalities that had its inception in early childhood, reaching a bitter climax a few weeks ago on the night of the annual Academy Award dinner.

That was the night that the dark Olivia, clutching the 'Oscar" given her for the best screen performance in 1946, saw the blond Joan coming towards her with outstretched arms. Olivia turned her back on her sister and walked away, whispering to her press agent:

"I don't know why she does that when she knows how I feel." She was in a furious temper.

Joan shooks the tears from her blue eyes and went on to a nightclub to recall the time she had won the award for 1941. Olivia went home to her mansion to preside at her own court, as befits the current queen.

Little more than a year apart in age, the sisters that night found themselves separated by a gulf deeper than Laurel Canyon and wider than Sunset Boulevard—the burning bottomless pit of ambition in Hollywood, where everything is make-believe—except jealousy.

FOR years the two sisters have been able to agree only on one point. Their 75-year-old father, Walter A. De Havilland, must remain unrecognized and in exile, chiefly because his second wife was his Japanese housekeeper.

Both Olivia and Joan were born in Tokyo and became, automatically, British citizens, like their parents. De Havilland, a Cambridge University graduate, was then a professor of English in the Japanese Imperial University.

It was from their mother, the former Lillian Ruse, that the sisters got what they called their "acting blood." As a peach blown English girl, she yearned for a career on the stage but her family objected and she transferred her ambition to her children.

Olivia, the first born, was a healthy, brown-eyed baby. Joan, with the blue eyes and the blond hair, was sickly from birth. When Joan was three, Mrs. De Havilland made her decision. Joan would never be healthy in Japan; she would take the children to the United States.

Leaving De Havilland was no great effort for the mother. The marriage was wearing thin around the edges.

Mother and young daughters took up residence in the little town of Saratoga, Calif., and a polite divorce followed. The mother met and married a French Canadian, George M. Fontaine.

The feud of the sisters started then.

"I," said Joan, "am now a Fontaine."

"And I," said Olivia, "am still a De Havilland."

While they were in pigtails, their bickerings upset the well ordered household, and steps were taken.

It was decided the house was only big enough for one of them at a time, and Joan was sent to a convent at Belmont. The Sisters called her "a little angel" and practically turned the place over to her. But Joan was homesick and then sick all over and was sent home.

That was the signal for Olivia to leave. She went to the Belmont convent, but they didn't turn the place over to this vivacious youngster. She was considered brash and forward and far too active physically and mischievously. Comparisons followed and Olivia finally came in a poor second to sister Joan.

A few years ago, when the sisters seemed to be on good terms for once, Olivia confessed that during this trying period she had considered killing her eight-year-old sister.

"I decided we would have a fight, as usual," Olivia said. "And I would let her hit me several times and then, in self-defense, I'd say to myself that I would have to kill her.

"I even knew what I would tell the judge."

The Fontaine household had a solid year of peace and quiet when Joan, in her early teens, was sent by her mother to Japan to spend a year's visit with her father.

SHE returned to find her older sister fairly well embarked on an acting career in Hollywood. Olivia, with her mother's blessings and encouragement, had been discovered by talent scouts when she was suddenly called upon to play the part of Hermia in the Max Reinhardt production of a "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in Hollywood Bowl.

Olivia, with her big brown eyes and her soft brown hair, had become the beauty of the family and that was all right with Joan — at first. The year in Japan had made the younger sister healthy and happy, and she came back to the States to prepare herself for a lifetime job, that of wife of a young consular attache she'd met in Tokyo.

At 17, Joan plunged into a study of French, German and Spanish. But it was a brief plunge. She emerged shortly to announce that her real career would be that of an actress instead of a wife. While the foreign language dictionaries gathered dust, Joan gathered momentum.

THEN she met Jesse Lasky, the veteran producer, and found herself in possession of a contract. It contained a clause stating that she, Joan Fontaine, was "never to be advertised or publicized as Olivia De Havilland's sister."

The famous feud was in the making although neither sister realized it at the time.

Before Joan got her break in motion pictures, something happened in private life to produce the friction that ignited the flame.

Brian Aherne, dashing Irish actor who had been paying intermittent court to Olivia, gave a party at his house and Joan was one of the guests on the outer fringe of the gathering.

A fortune teller gave her a reading and then announced:

"In a few weeks you will marry the host."

Aherne drifted by as the verdict was pronounced and suggested, as long as they were going to be married, it would be a good thing if he knew the name of his future wife. They were introduced.

A FEW weeks later, on Aug. 20, 1939, Joan became Mrs. Aherne.

The younger sister was one up.

But her professional career was suffering. After a procession of bad parts in unsuccessful pictures, she was released by her studio. Joan settled down to mope. Her moping was interrupted by casting directors.

She was given good roles in "Quality Street" and "The Women." Her performance stood out in each and David O. Selznick won the race for her services. He gave her a prize plum — the title role in "Rebecca."

Sister Olivia hadn't been standing still. For the same boss, Selznick, she had played the part of Melanie in "Gone With the Wind." She was so good that when the nominations for the Academy Award came out for 1939, her name led all the rest in the classification "Best performance by a supporting actress."

Olivia missed in the finals by the width of one of her long eyelashes. The Oscar went to big, beaming Hattie McDaniel for her work as the Mammy in the same picture. Olivia sighed and worked harder.

Came 1940, and the release of "Rebecca." Younger sister Joan was the toast of Hollywood. When the Academy nominations came out, her name led all the rest as best performance by an actress, not as a supporting actress.

The sisters waited, doubtless with conflicting emotions, for the final awards. Joan didn't get her Oscar, and they embraced in mutual sympathy.

The following year, Olivia and Joan seemed to have reached their respective peaks, Olivia in "Hold Back the Dawn," and Joan in Alfred Hitchcock's "Suspicion."

At the close of the year, both were nominated for "best performance by an actress." This was it, Hollywood whispered. This was the main event. Nothing like it had ever happened in Movieland, where anything can, and has happened.

BOTH Olivia and Joan attended the banquet, naturally, and dug their respective fingernails into their respective palms.

Joan won the Oscar — something as important to an actor or an actress as the heavyweight championship of the world is to a boxer.

"Here come the fireworks," the other guests whispered, as she walked over to Olivia's table. But the fireworks fizzed. Joan mooched part of her sister's desert, and they grinned at each other.

Olivia's career was anything but sensational in the years immediately following, but Joan made another bid for another Oscar in 1943 for her work in "The Constant Nymph." She missed, and then decided that Brian Aherne wasn't the perfect husband after all. She divorced him in 1944.

The feud of the sisters was listless and lackadaisical for a while until last year, 1946, when it sizzled and burst into flame.

It might have been touched off, innocently enough, by Joan's decision to marry again. William Dozier, one of Hollywood's most important producers, became her second husband in a bril-

liant ceremony at Mexico City on May 2.

Olivia, who had had plenty of beaus but no husband, may be forgiven if she did some frowning and foot tapping. In Hollywood, three people are very important to an actor or an actress. They are the producer, the writer and the director — with an assist from the cameraman.

Joan was now the wife of the colony's most eligible producer.

The beautiful Olivia, nearing 30, married Marcus Aurelius Goodrich, one of Hollywood's top writers, on Aug. 26, 1946, at Cannondale, Conn. It was her first marriage, his fifth.

SHE finished her starring role in "To Each His Own." At the end of the year the Academy nominated her again, not as a supporting actress but as starring performer of the year.

Her leading opponents were Jennifer Jones and Rosalind Russell, a tough twosome to beat, but Olivia did it.

Some who saw her accept the award at the annual dinner a few weeks ago swear that she was the most beautiful of many women ever to hug an Oscar.

There were misty tears in Joan's blue eyes as she rushed backstage to embrace her victorious sister. Tears of pride and affection as she approached; of chagrin and embarrassment as her older sister turned away abruptly and said audibly:

"I don't know why she does that when she knows how I feel."

Next day, Olivia amplified:

"Our relations have been strained since last October and I simply couldn't change my attitude because it was a public situation. I am not that insincere."

Joan said nothing, but the husbands took up sides in the feud. Writers traditionally dislike producers and vice versa and it didn't take much to make them active parties to the quarrel.

Said Writer Goodrich:

"This always happens when photographers are around. Joan always comes up to have her picture taken with my wife. And Olivia doesn't like it and doesn't mind saying so."

Producer Dozier defended wife Joan:

"Joan had been asked by photographers to stay after the presentation and be photographed with her sister. What happened was nothing but a family squabble. They just don't seem to have anything in common."

The climax to the feud of the lovely sisters should have been the cue for a fearless producer and a daring director to make a picture of this real life drama.

AND if they could get Olivia and Joan, both Academy Award winners, to play their real life parts, the picture should take every Oscar the manufacturer can turn out.

Or would it?

After all, it takes good acting to make a good picture.

And the two sisters wouldn't be acting!

Sisters

Dark Olivia, Clutching the Prized Oscar, Saw Blond Joan Coming Towards Her With Outstretched Arms. She Turned Her Back on Her Sister and Walked Away.

Illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

FREE RENT

This Jenny Wren Had an Eye for Beauty. She Selected Hollyhock Cottage for Her Home, and Raised Her Babies With Flowers in Their Front Yard.

A Nest in the Woods or a Pre-Fabricated Bird House? Either Way, the Birds Have It Soft Compared to Harassed Humans.

By Bill Levinson

IN THESE days of housing headaches, harassed mankind can well afford to be envious of the carefree, rent-free birds. Our feathered friends have no priority problems, no mortgages and no shortages. A bird simply casts an eye about for a suitable spot, proceeds to drape a few leaves thereon, and presto!—a home.

Hal K. Harrison, well-known bird photographer, has taken advantage of the fact that happy tenants make good camera subjects to give us these color portraits of birds at home.

The fussy little house wren, which Harrison has caught here before its man-made, back yard cottage, isn't fussy at all when it comes to choosing a housing site. A hollow stump, or knot-hole in a post, is its usual habitat, but any old boot or hat which has been carelessly tossed aside by humans will do as well.

Catching this particular wren, in its easily accessible perch, was comparatively simple for Harrison.

The lovely bluebird is another feathered creature which, like the wren, is equally at home in its native wild woodland or in the midst of civilization.

Here, Harrison's lens has sought out a bluebird with a tasteful eye in decorative domiciles. It isn't everybody who can move into a home covered with beautiful rambling roses, but this bluebird found just such a home waiting behind a suburban trellis.

Photographing birds at home, Harrison has found, calls for a special technique, combining the virtues of unending patience, a thorough knowledge of bird habits, and a remote control camera. Time is of no consequence when it comes to getting a superior picture, and he has sometimes spent hours, hidden behind a motionless blind, waiting for the perfect pose. Harrison's familiarity with his subjects, however, has often enabled him to get his picture where a neophyte might have given up.

He has learned from experience that birds are frightened by any strange thing that moves, but have little fear of inanimate objects. They might never approach a cameraman near the nest, but will generally accept his camera if the operator is invisible. Thus, a remote control camera has become standard equipment when he goes forth to "shoot." He is continually answering the question, "How do you get so close to the birds?" by admitting that actually he doesn't. He mounts his camera near the nest, attaches a battery operated trigger mechanism, and then retires to a distance, behind some sort of cover, to wait for the birds to come before his camera.

Among those birds who, unlike the wren and bluebird pictured on this page, aren't lucky enough to move into man-made apartments, there are many examples of ingenious architecture of their own. The nest of the Baltimore oriole, hung from the end of a slender branch and disguised to resemble a hornet's nest, is an outstanding display of protective camouflage, so necessary in the presence of woodland marauders such as squirrels, blue-jays and crows. Quail and other birds, such as meadowlarks and some sparrows, often cover their grassy nests with live vegetation from the surrounding area. Sometimes, in their quest for seclusion, these birds go so far as to construct covered pathways and entrances to their hidden home.

In tracking down such elusive photographic quarry, Harrison is forced to summon much of his wide knowledge of birds and their habits, gained as a member of the Audubon Society of Western Pennsylvania. To him, this challenge to his ingenuity is a prime lure to the hobby of bird photography. The reward, in terms of pictures like those shown here, he claims is well worth the great amount of effort involved.

Sometimes, in the case of tree nesting birds, he is obliged to rig up ingenious contraptions in order to get the camera in a good position. In such situations, he puts an adjustable camera atop a ladder.

In Northern States, the Lovely Bluebird Readily Nests in Man-Made Boxes or in the Numerous Crannies Around Farms and Suburban Homes.
Photographs by Hal K. Harrison, Courtesy Camera Clix

"No More Pencils, No More Books, No More Pupils' Dirty Looks..." Sometimes Teachers Can Get Fed Up and Take Voluntary Vacations.

WHEN Teacher REBELS

By Allen Greenacre

IT WILL be no surprise to ex-spitball throwers and ex-little-girls'-braids-in-ink dunkers to learn that teachers have other problems besides imparting knowledge and wondering how to live on a church mouse salary.

Discipline has been a pedagogue's pain in the neck since Socrates sipped his hemlock, but the surprise is that teachers seem to be getting indignant enough to do something besides rap knuckles.

In the Clearview schools near Lorain, Ohio, the other day a principal slapped the face of a high school student who insolently resented being reprimanded for bean-shooting in one of the classrooms. A group of recalcitrants left in a huff and school was closed for the day.

Some of the parents met the following Sunday and condoned the walkout. In the general assembly on Monday, amid boos and catcalls from the students, Superintendent T. C. Simpson told School Board President Chandler Thompson:

"We teachers have had enough. All 31 of us are resigning in a body."

That was a bit of a jolt to the entire district, which held an emergency meeting. Parents were told frankly how their adolescent darlings had been behaving. There were several woodshed sessions, plenty of apologies to the teachers, a withdrawal of the resignations, and a chastened attitude on the part of the students when the schools opened after a week's unscheduled vacation.

Parents weren't so cooperative in Willits, Calif., when high school students went on strike because Principal Roy Good had objected to what he called petting in the corridors. Irate papas and mamas said their spring-feverish offspring were probably doing nothing worse than holding hands, and made no effort to quash the strike.

Thereupon the faculty went on a strike of its own. Principal Good, who had held his job for 12 years, resigned. So did 10 of the 13 teachers. When the school board upheld Good, the parents demanded a recall election and put in new trustees.

An acting principal was borrowed from the county superintendent's office, new teachers were hired to fill the depleted ranks and, after a two-week hiatus, a smug student body filed back into the halls of learning with a gay glint in its eye.

A pupils' strike lasted just one day in Millvale, Pa., where 100 junior high school students walked out because pretty, blond, 22-year-old Louella Jones was fired. They returned the next day after "Jonesie" announced: "I don't mind being fired. I'm fed up with teaching. I'm going to New York and get a job modelling."

In Adams, Tenn., husky, 28-year-old Victor Baggett was hired as a substitute teacher. Some of his pupils chewed bubble gum in class. Warnings were ignored, so Victor took firm steps. He administered a spoonful of castor oil to each gum-chewer.

The gum-chewers' fathers objected. Seven of them decided to give Victor a taste of his own medicine. Armed with a sizable bottle of the stuff, they waylaid the teacher outside the school. Victor knocked the first two down. The other five grabbed him and tried to force the castor oil down his throat. Very much the worse for wear, they gave up the effort after a while.

Direct action against unmannerly brats is only part of what seems to be a worldwide revolt in the teaching profession. All over the globe, but particularly in the United States, Canada and Great Britain, a serious shortage of teachers exists because of poor pay, lack of appreciation and unpleasant working conditions.

Economic worry plus disciplinary woes do strange things to teachers' minds. When 28-year-old Melvin G. Attig was appointed principal of the high school at Oswego, Ill., some parents encouraged their children to heckle him because they had favored another candidate. Sabotage and vandalism ran the gamut from throwing a new dictionary out of a second-story window, to cutting fire alarm wires.

The more Attig reasoned with the culprits, the more insolent they became. The situation preyed on his mind. His face became haggard and his weight dropped from 175 to 140.

One afternoon, while a tea was being held at the school, he was lured into the basement on a pretext and a bucket of dirty water was tossed over him. He left the school, drove to a near-by railroad track and walked deliberately in front of a train.

"I hope those young ruffians are satisfied," said his widow, the mother of two small children.

In South Pasadena, Calif., Verlin Spencer, 33, returned to his job as junior high school principal after a nervous breakdown, suddenly drew a pistol, killed four school attaches, seriously wounded two others, failed in an attempt to kill himself, went to prison for life.

Some school systems, such as that in Paterson, N. J., have found that segregation of rowdies is one solution. In Paterson, with specially trained teachers ruling the unruly, potential delinquents are straightened out and returned to classes.

The main question seems to be how far a teacher can go in enforcing discipline. Many cities frown vigorously on any corporal punishment, contending that the rod is more likely to spoil the child than help.

In Washington, Indiana, however, a jury ruled that Grant Scales, a high school principal, was entirely within his rights when he paddled 17-year-old Marietta Ginder in front of the class, even though he applied the paddle so vehemently that it broke into several pieces.

And when Charlie Johns complained in Sneadville, Tenn., that he didn't want another man spanking his wife, the school board ruled that he shouldn't send his 14-year-old child-bride to school if he expected her to be treated any differently from any other pupil.

Illustrated by RAPHAEL DE SOTO

"The yummiest chicken I ever fried... made me so mad I almost cried!"

"So you think I sound crazy? Well I guess I was pretty much of a dope.

"Sam's never praised anything so much as he did that golden-brown fried chicken I served. So light, so crisp and so lickin' good he devoured every last morsel.

"But do you blame me for being mad? Why, for years I've been telling everybody how wonderful Crisco is for flaky pie crust and I just now found out how grand it is for frying! Think of all the quick, delicious fried foods we've missed!

"It's Crisco for fried foods from now on! I'll serve 'em to the kids, too! Doctors agree that foods fried properly with Crisco are digestible. Crisco's all-vegetable—pure and sweet as new-churned butter. So it's Crisco for all *my* cooking—cakes, pies and fried foods—it improves all 3."

OH, BOY! WASHINGTON FRIED CHICKEN!

Tender, juicy—done to a turn, each piece in a crisp brown overcoat—courtesy of Crisco. Eat all you want—it's digestible! Proper frying with Crisco makes you sure.

2 Ways to fry chicken to perfection..

WASHINGTON FRIED CHICKEN

Chicken dipped in waffle batter and deep-fried to a golden brown—Serves 4.

1 frying chicken, cut in pieces	1 cup sifted flour
1 egg	¼ tsp. salt
⅔ cup milk	2 tsps. sugar
3 tbsps. melted Crisco	Crisco for frying

All Measurements Level. Steam chicken about 20 minutes. Beat egg with milk and melted Crisco. Add sifted dry ingredients. Beat till smooth. Salt chicken, dip in batter. Fry in deep Crisco hot enough to brown an inch cube of bread in 60 seconds (frying thermometer reading of 365°-375°F.). *Crisco has no unpleasant smoke or smell at proper frying temperature. See how evenly it browns—Crisco doesn't soak in.* Fry till golden brown—5-10 minutes. Serve with sautéed pineapple rings and currant jelly.

PAN-FRIED CHICKEN

Dredge cut chicken in seasoned flour, brown in hot Crisco about ¼ inch deep. Cover skillet, cook over low heat about 30 minutes or until tender. *Remember, even grandpa can eat his fill. 9 out of 10 doctors say foods fried properly with Crisco are digestible!*

64 PAGES OF OLD FAVORITE FOODS AND NEW IDEAS—

Easy, delicious, sure-fire recipes for cakes, pies, fried foods. Crisco's Cook Book "Recipes for Good Eating"—yours for 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size). Mail to Crisco, Dept. A, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in United States.

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Lost: TWO MILLIONAIRES

Annabelle Adams Found Her Dream Knights in the Brief Span of Seven Years—the First She Gave Up for the Second; Now She Has Neither

Philo A. Orton Wore No Plumed Helmet, but He Could Take Annabelle Away From That Department Store Drudgery.

By Jack Stone

ANNABELLE ADAMS was a pretty little girl who worked behind the counter of a Chicago department store.

She dreamed of knights on white chargers and splendid castles and rescue from the drudgery of an 8:30 a. m. to 5 p. m. standing marathon.

Annabelle's dream was no different from the dreams that have filled the heads of young girls since time immemorial, except that it came true, twice. Once she woke up to find that it was all over. Now, again, the dream is fading into the limbo from which it came.

In 1931, when Annabelle was 22, her first knight came along. He wore no armor, and rode no white charger, but he did live in a castle, modern version, and he had what no medieval knight ever had—several millions of dollars.

His name was Philo A. Orton. He was a wealthy manufacturer. He was 60 years old. A little old for a knight, perhaps, but he paid ardent court in a suave, fatherly sort of way, and Annabelle was so, so tired from standing on her feet.

Orton took Annabelle away from the life she hated. He sent her to a school in the southern part of Illinois for a "finishing" course. She enrolled as his niece, Annabelle Orton Adams, and Orton was known to her classmates as "Uncle Philo."

Upon her graduation Orton brought her back to Chicago. He told her he would like very much to marry her, but that was impossible. He had a wife and three grown children.

Therefore it was best, he told her, that she accept the marriage proposal of Al Koehler, who was also enamored of her. This she did, but things didn't work out. A year later she divorced Koehler.

In 1938 Orton was divorced by his wife and three months after the decree he married Annabelle.

It was about this time that Annabelle's second knight appeared on the scene. His name was Louis D. Root. He was a wealthy New York wire company president. He was 62 years old.

Two knights worth millions in the brief span of seven years was more than Annabelle could resist. In the words pronounced bitterly by Root at a later date,

"Although Orton was considered a man of wealth, the plaintiff (Annabelle) was not satisfied with her matrimonial status and searched for other male attention. About this time I was unfortunate enough to meet her."

Orton and Annabelle had been wed only a few months when he sued for divorce, claiming she had been unfaithful. There was a reconciliation, during which, Root says, Annabelle confessed her infidelity—a confession, he declares, which was recorded on a dictaphone without her knowledge.

The reconciliation was a brief one. A number of letters which Root had written Annabelle came into Orton's possession. He ordered her out of the house. She pleaded to stay one more night. Orton said okey and left. When he returned, Root declares, she had changed the locks in the Orton menage. He couldn't get in.

Promptly he sued for divorce again, naming, among other initialed gentlemen, a Mr. R. In November, 1941, Orton got his divorce, with no alimony, on grounds of cruelty.

Then, says Root, Annabelle badgered him for money, holding over his head the letters he had written her, which she had regained from Orton. For a long time, he says, he supported her in style.

In January, 1943, Root and his wife were divorced. Annabelle, Root alleges, "pursued me and importuned me to marry her. Finally I succumbed to her wiles and consented."

In January of this year Annabelle returned from a Florida vacation, she charges, to find the locks changed on hers and Root's swank Park Avenue, New York, apartment and two detectives stationed in the lobby as double insurance against her entrance.

Illustrated by G. RAPHAEL

She had to put up at a hotel. Root said Annabelle had changed the locks before leaving for Florida and he thought turn about was fair play.

Annabelle accused her husband of tearing off her blouse in a fit of rage, striking her in the face, choking her, breaking her tooth with a thrown bunch of keys and forcing her to walk ahead of him on the street. She also declared:

"My husband neglects to tell this court that the 'Mr. R' referred to in his affidavit was the defendant himself, who was then a married man and who was responsible for the events which led to the wrecking of my previous marriage."

Root, through his attorney, Benjamin Shedler, charged Annabelle was in the habit of "picking up total strangers and bringing them to our home." Several times, he said, she had threatened to shoot him..."this is no idle threat, as she owns three pistols and is an expert shot."

He said she had gone out with several different men in a two-month period. His charges were in answer to Annabelle's suit for separation and $600 a week.

The court, after a lengthy hearing, granted her $150 a week temporary alimony and $2,000 counsel fees.

Root was very specific. He introduced into court the following tapped telephone conversation which he says took place between Annabelle and a Bill De G.:

He: How are you? You were supposed to call me back. What happened to you?

She: I didn't know who was calling. I was coming up. You said I couldn't come up without calling.

He: Well, I'll come over and say hello. I want you to have dinner with me.

She: Why don't you do that? I can meet you at 11:30.

He: Still love me?

She: (Laughs).

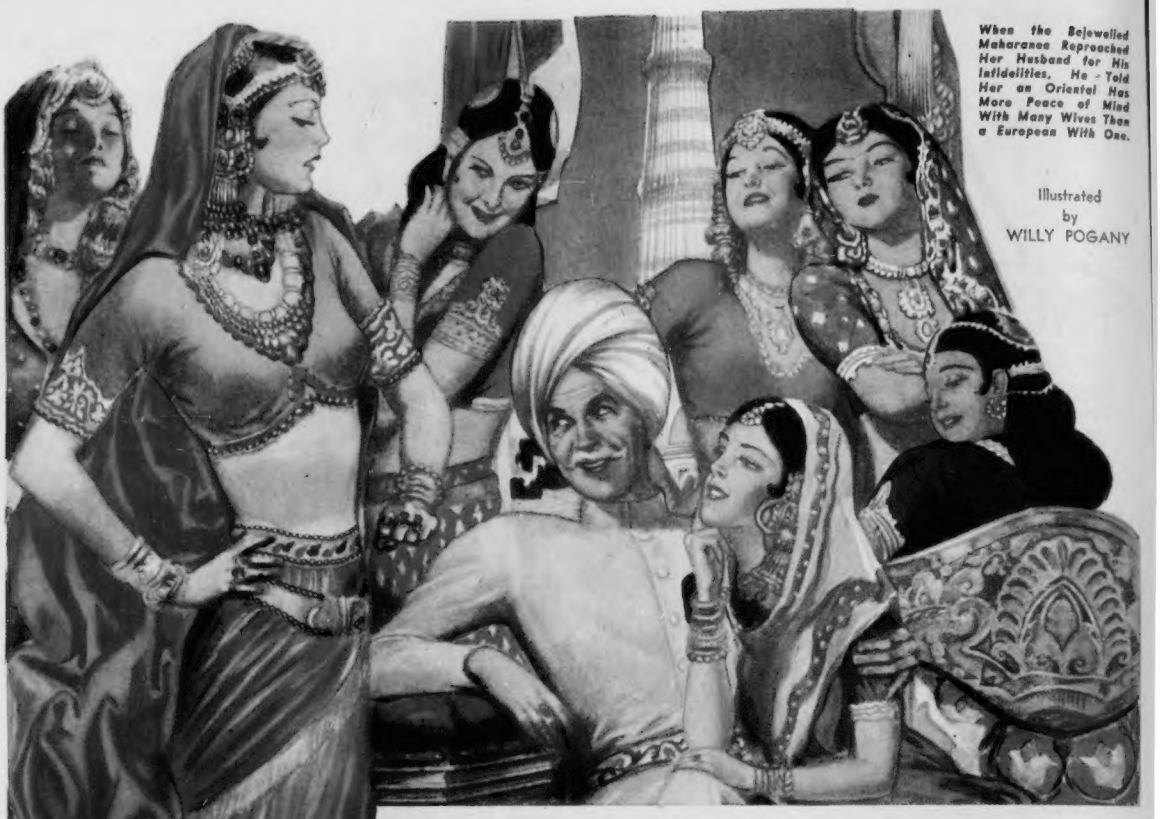
He: Want to come over to my hotel and I'll meet you there?

She: I have company from out of town.

He: Want to meet me there at 12 o'clock? We'll have a little snack together. Will you stay there all evening? And have breakfast together?

She: What a conversation over the telephone! Do people talk that way over telephones that are tapped?

He: Are they tapped? Oh my heavens! Oh my gosh!



When the Bejewelled Maharanee Reproached Her Husband for His Infidelities, He Told Her an Oriental Has More Peace of Mind With Many Wives Than a European With One.

Illustrated by WILLY POGANY

TRAGIC MAHARANEE

By Lowell Morrill

Some Believe Pretty Nina Jumped From High Kutb Minar; Others, That She Was Pushed Over the Parapet

RECENT reports from Delhi, India, indicate that the police there are still puzzled by the mysterious death of gay and pretty Nina Grosup, former dancer and divorced wife of the Maharaja of Kapurthala.

Her body was found in the Mogul Gardens at the base of Kutb Minar—a famous tower, 238 feet high, which dates from the eighth century and dominates the Plain of Delhi.

In an interview with The American Weekly, her former guardian, Dr. Leon Pistol of New York City, said that letters he had received from her recently showed no signs of despondency.

On the contrary, he said, her letters revealed she was in an excellent state of mind and excited over plans to leave India for this country.

A short while ago she arranged for the transfer of a fortune she owned to American banks and asked Dr. Pistol to buy a house for her near New York City. She had booked passage on a freighter bound for San Francisco.

When her body was found at the foot of the tower, she was identified by a handbag she had left with a taxi driver before climbing to the top of the monument.

Many believe the Maharanee leaped to her death. Others think she may have been lured to the tower by a robber, who took her rings and pushed her over the parapet.

Separated from the Maharaja for nearly a year, Nina had been living on a grand scale at Maiden's Hotel, Delhi. She blazed with jewels worth $100,000, which once caused a wag to remark that in order to get a good look at her it was necessary to wear smoked glasses.

Her hotel room resembled the cave of treasure discovered by Ali Baba. Besides a glittering collection of gems, it contained 63 boxes of dresses and nine big cases of rugs. Here, too, she kept four dogs, her companions on strolls.

On the morning of her death, she left the hotel without her dogs, walked a short distance and then hailed a taxi. After being driven to the Kutb Minar, she asked the taxi driver to hold her handbag and hurried up the tower steps.

A few minutes later, her figure was seen hurtling toward the ground.

Doubt was cast upon the suicide theory after authorities had communicated with Dr. Pistol in New York.

Born in Vienna 34 years ago, Nina Grosup lived with her mother, a widow of modest means, who performed miracles of economy in order to pay for her daughter's dancing lessons.

At 16, Nina inspired admiration in everyone she met. She grew more and more beautiful and danced with so much grace and agility that the director of the Burg Theatre gave her a job as a figurante. Later she was given the role of Anitra in "Peer Gynt."

On the opening night she received an ovation from the crowd, and a huge bouquet of roses from the Maharaja of Kapurthala, who had been admiring the dancer from his box.

Nina loved luxury, glitter and festivity. She decided to get them by giving up her stage career and becoming the darling of an Indian ruler.

At the beginning of the war, Nina and her mother embarked for the Far East as guests of the Maharaja. On reaching Kapurthala—a small Sikh state in the Punjab—they installed themselves in the finest apartments of the Prince's marble palace.

But soon light-hearted Nina, who had ardently wished to be the wife of a Maharaja, seemed bored after wedding His Highness, although he showered her with jewels and finery.

The playboy ruler soon began to neglect her for other beauties in his seraglio, and that wounded her vanity.

What particularly displeased the bride was the fact that if she reproached him for his cruel whims or infidelities, he replied that an Oriental has more peace of mind with many wives than the European has with one.

Sometimes he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in telling Nina that she was by no means the fairest creature to win his approval.

It was bad enough when he boasted about his conquests in the past, but worse when he complained of his present age and infirmities. The age-stricken ruler, who was twice as old as Nina, grew more querulous day by day.

Consumed with weariness and disgust, Nina finally ran away from the palace and lived in a Delhi hotel.

His Highness, who had always been more wedded to his moneybags than to his wife, divorced Nina in 1945, and in the following year reduced her monthly allowance from $5,000 to 300 rupees (about $54). Despite his unreckonable riches, the Maharaja is noted for his niggardliness—except when wooing some dancing girl.

But no man can avoid his destiny. Today it is the Maharaja's fate to suffer from the ills brought on by youthful follies and old age. While Nina's body—weighted with a mound of masonry—lies in a graveyard near the Qudsia Gardens His Highness lies on a sickbed and bitterly complains that his neck is tired with the weight of his head and his heart with the weight of his life.

Life, which once was sweet as sugared pineapple to the reigning Prince of Kapurthala, has become more bitter than ashes.

Eunice and the Kennedy Tradition

By Watson Crews, Jr.

WHEN Joseph P. Kennedy learned that his daughter, Eunice, had taken a dollar-a-year job with the government, he was at his Palm Beach home. He wired Sergeant Shriver, his personal business representative in Chicago:

"Take a run down there and help her out for a while."

Shriver took a run down and has been a valuable temporary assistant to Eunie in her new post, which is verbosely labeled: Executive Secretary of the Continuing Committee of the National Conference on the Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency.

That's the way Joe Kennedy has always backed up his children, although they seem to have needed help about as little as any nine offspring ever born to one father. In the same benevolent vein, he has just given several million dollars to charity in the name of a son killed in the war, and has bestowed the equivalent of a million on the other three boys and five girls, who probably won't let it bother them. Here's the score:

Joseph Jr., who would be 31, left Harvard Law School to enlist in the Navy as second class seaman, became a flier, was killed in a plane over England, was awarded the Navy Cross posthumously because: "Well knowing the extreme danger involved and totally unconcerned for his own safety, Lieut. Kennedy unhesitatingly volunteered to conduct an exceptionally hazardous and special operational mission."

John, 30, the second youngest United States Congressman (D.-Mass.), graduated cum laude from Harvard, where he almost lived in the swimming pool to overcome a back injury sustained in football; later was virtually immortalized by John Hershey for rescuing his crewmates when the PT boat he commanded was cut in half by a Jap destroyer and leading them to safety through innumerable South Pacific hazards.

Rosemary, 28, is doing special work with young children at Tarrytown, N. Y.

Kathleen (Kick), 26, was a Washington correspondent before marrying the Marquis of Hartington, distinguished herself in Red Cross work after he was killed in action in Normandy.

Eunice, 25, about whom more later, is considered the smartest young woman executive in Washington.

Patricia, 22, is television program director for NBC in New York.

Robert, 21, who served on a destroyer during the war, now plays football and basketball at Harvard, has plenty of energy left to make top grades in his studies.

Jean, 18, would be a sure-thing candidate for the most popular girl at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart.

Teddy, 15, just can't wait to get out of Boston's Milton Academy and into the footsteps of his older brothers.

Eunie sort of summed up the family attitude when she said:

"Father has made us all feel that the most important thing in life is to do something purposeful."

Mother had a lot to do with it, too. She was Rose Fitzgerald, "the prettiest girl in Boston," daughter of ex-Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, who, 50 years ago, represented the same Congressional district that Grandson John does now.

When Rose married Joe Kennedy he was a bank clerk. He went ahead fast, made a fortune, became a Roosevelt brain-truster, organized the SEC, was named Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, is one of the nation's leading financiers.

In 1945 he bought Chicago's $26,000,000 Merchandise Mart (second largest building in the world; Pentagon is first) from Marshall Field & Co. for approximately $15,000,000.

Newly filed deeds make this distribution of the assets: one-eighth to Kennedy and one-eighth to his wife; the income from one-quarter to charity through the Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., Foundation; one-quarter to Mrs. Kennedy and John J. Ford as trustees of a trust agreement formed several years ago, presumably for the family; one-quarter in equal shares to the eight children.

Although Eunie, like the other seven, is assured of a millionaire's income, she's just as interested in her new job as though she had to work hard for a living.

Part of it is acting as liaison officer between Attorney General Tom Clark and his permanent committee of juvenile experts, including Father Flanagan of Boys Town fame; Mrs. Paul Rittenhouse, national director of the Girl Scouts; Henry Monsky, president of B'Nai B'Rith; Mrs. La Fell Dickinson, president of Federated Women's Clubs; and G. H. Shaw, former assistant Secretary of State.

Another task is to help states, cities, organizations or individuals institute programs to stem the rising tide of youthful lawlessness.

Right now, as a result of a meeting of the Attorney General and the nation's sportswriters, Eunice is putting the finishing touches on an over-all athletic program which she hopes will be adopted by hundreds of communities all over the country.

Most interviewers agree that Eunice is smart, effervescent and attractive, but they disagree about her hair. One said it was blond; another copper-headed. She says it's dark brown, and she ought to know. She has a plethora of suitors, but she's too busy now to think about matrimony.

She left a well-paid job in the State Department to tackle the juvenile delinquency problem, which she believes is acute. During the war she was in the Special War Problems Division, concerned with the disposition of prisoners.

No, Joe Kennedy won't have to worry about Eunie. The rest of 'em seem to be doing all right, too.

Eunice Kennedy, the Girl With the Top-Heavy Title, Has a Tough Job but an Easy Boss — Attorney General Tom Clark — Who Is Helping Her Add to the Family's List of Achievements.

Judges Are Showing a Tendency to Act Favorably on Suits for the Rights of Children in Domestic Relations Cases

By Booton Herndon

In the Case of JUNIOR vs the OTHER WOMAN

Mrs. Ann Rudley Has Sued the "Other" Woman for $100,000 on Behalf of Her Son, Stephen, Nine Months, Shown With Her.

A 10-year-old school boy became an object of vast and significant importance to jurists all over the nation recently, when a federal judge heard his case.

The boy, James "Tippy" Edler, is a symbol of the recent tendency among judges to give favorable consideration to suits filed on behalf of children in domestic relations cases. Tippy, through his mother and attorneys, is suing a woman charged with taking his father away from him.

His complaint asks for $50,000. Anything the jury awards him, say his lawyers, will be placed in trust for him.

Other lawsuits have been brought on behalf of children in the last two years. In 1945, and for the first time in history, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at Chicago made it possible for a child to sue for alienation of affections.

Judge Evan A. Evans, who handed down the Chicago decision, said that children were legally entitled to the guidance and protection of a father. This marks another step forward in the recognition of family rights. Women have had the right to sue for alienation of affections only within the past century. Before then, only the master of the house was supposed to have any such legal rights.

While a federal judge was giving Tippy the first round in his fight, similar suits were being filed in the names of other children.

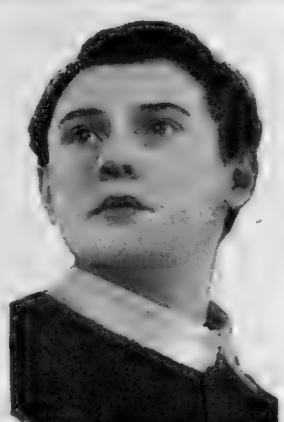
In California, nine-month-old Stephen Hart Rudley became the center of a $100,000 case. According to his mother, Ann Loring Rudley, Stephen has been deprived of the guidance, affection, and paternal care of his father, Herbert Rudley.

Six days after Stephen was born, his mother charges his screen star father established residence with a Hollywood writer, Sarette Tobias. As guardian for Stephen, Mrs. Rudley asks $100,000 from Miss Tobias. Because of her conduct, the young mother claims, the baby has been ". . . deprived of the presence, comfort, society, guidance and paternal care of his father and of the fruits and benefits of an integral family."

An interesting sidelight in this case is that Stephen's lawyer, Robert W. Kenny, was one of the men who pushed a measure outlawing alienation of affections or "heart-balm" suits through the state legislature. He was then attorney-general of California.

Tippy Edler's case is along the same general lines. His father is Lieutenant Colonel James Edler, who, as chief of the Army's Criminal Investigation division, cleaned up the cigarette black market in France. Tippy, basking in reflected glory, was the hero of his neighborhood.

Then Colonel Edler is alleged to have met a woman in England, and stopped writing to his wife and son. When he returned to the States and took up residence in Washington, his wife filed suit for Tippy. The other woman, whose name was not then known, was called "Nora Doe" in the nine-page complaint filed before the court.



Herbert Rudley — A Central Figure in His Son's Suit.

Nora Doe was eventually identified as Nora McAlpine-Downie. She did not appear in court, and her lawyers asked the case be dismissed. Federal Judge Alan T. Goldsborough in Washington overruled that motion and said he would entertain a motion for a default judgment against her if she disregards another notice to appear. The next step would be to select a jury.

Awaiting trial in California is the case of two teen-aged kids, Janice Mae Smith, 17, and her brother Howard, 15, who are demanding $20,000 from Mrs. Vivian Westbrook. They state that she enticed their father, Ralph Smith, away from home, and forced a separation and divorce.

Because of her, according to the suit filed in the California courts, they have been deprived of the "enjoyment of a normal home life, to which children of their age are entitled."

In filing the damage suit for the Smith children, Attorney LeRoy Reames said: "There is nothing to compensate youngsters for the loss they feel in the break-up of their home. The minds of average youngsters are keen. They think more clearly than their elders, recognize a sharper dividing line between right and wrong . . .

"It is the function of the courts to protect these youngsters and preserve their viewpoints of right-thinking."

In Chicago, two somewhat similar suits include an apron-string twist. Mrs. Rita Ulvestad, in a suit against her parents-in-law, demands $50,000 for herself and $25,000 for her seven-month old son, Richard Bryan.

Her husband, Richard Ulvestad, was a courageous flier, she says, winning several medals including the Distinguished Flying Cross during the war, but he couldn't stand up against his "apron-string complex." Whenever there was an argument, Mrs. Ulvestad said, the lieutenant ran home to mother. She charges her in-laws, Dr. and Mrs. George E. Ulvestad, with alienating the affections of her husband and of the baby's father.

The other in-law case involved Mrs. Millicent Baughman and her two daughters, Lynne and Cheryl Anne. When the suit was filed, Lynne was two and Cheryl Anne was still unborn. Attorneys of the mother-in-law, Rose Baughman, attempted to get Cheryl Anne's case set aside on the grounds that the alienation of affections occurred before her birth, but the judge allowed the case to be put on the calendar on the grounds that a child born into a fatherless home is handicapped by lack of her father's love and support.

In another Chicago case, Ronald Soper and his two teen-aged children, Loretta and Ronald, Jr., say that when Soper was fighting in Germany, Axel Blomgren, a carpenter, moved into their home and won the affections of Mrs. Soper. The children joined with their father to ask $75,000 from Blomgren.

Judge Evans' decision, the first in this revolutionary trend of law, was brought about by the suit of Mrs. Olive Means Daily and her four children. Mrs. Daily sued Mrs. Marion Lammers Parker, wife of a lieutenant-commander in the Navy.

Mrs. Daily testified that the children's father, Wilfred J. Daily, a salesman of Oil City, Pa., abandoned their home to run off to Chicago with Mrs. Parker. After the decision that children have a right to sue was handed down, Mrs. Parker settled out of court. In all, Mrs. Daily got a divorce, $200 monthly alimony, and a $101,000 settlement.

It's a new rule in jurisprudence, with children—even an unborn one, in Cheryl Anne's case—coming into their full legal rights at last. Ten-year-old Tippy's name will live as long as there's law, if he is one of the first children to get before a jury in an alienation of affections suit.

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FIRST at the FINISH

By Ken Kling

AS THE jumpers came into the stretch at Belmont, the five-to-one shot, Sweet Kiss, with the green kid, Frankie Hayes, riding in his first race, took the lead.

Frankie Hayes, in the canary and blue of a string of racers trained by Jack Frayling, hunched forward. It looked as if he were whispering to Sweet Kiss. It looked as if the filly responded. Sweet Kiss, with the favorite thudding behind her, kept the lead, and she won.

It was a boy's dream come true. His first race and a winner. Then, suddenly, it was something else. Frankie Hayes, just past the finish line, was slipping from his saddle. He was falling to the track.

Ten minutes later an official was saying: "Gentlemen, the boy is dead!" His heart couldn't stand it. He died a moment before he brought Sweet Kiss under the wire!

Frankie Hayes was a pint-size kid with a quart-size heart.

While most jockeys get their first whiff of saddle leather in the bluegrass stretches of Kentucky or on the rolling western plains, Frankie picked up his horse sense along the twisting narrow streets of Brooklyn.

From the time he was an eager kid, Hayes was consumed with an overwhelming love of horses. The nags who pulled the trolleys and milk trucks along the cobblestone streets couldn't exactly compare to the spirited western mustangs that stars like Earl Sande and Laverne Fator sank their first set of spurs into, but they were all Hayes had.

The kid was a familiar sight in all the local blacksmith shops where he would hang around for hours stroking the nags and helping the smiths by holding the reins while the horses were being shod. All the time, [illegible] someday he would carry someone's racing colors first across the finish line at near-by Belmont Park.

When he grew older, Frankie began to make daily excursions to the racetrack where he would stand at the rail and watch the thoroughbreds work out. What he hadn't learned in the blacksmith stalls, he picked up from obliging jockeys.

Frankie became a fairly capable rider and finally managed to land a job as exercise boy for Frayling at Belmont.

The ambitious boy, who lived in a modest home with his mother and sister, would hurry out to the track every morning before dawn to do his chores. Frankie would then go to school and galloping the jumpers assigned by his employer, but he was impatient for the day when Frayling would let him ride in a race.

The day finally did come. The trainer decided to give the kid a break. Frankie was so nervous at his sudden opportunity that for days he could hardly eat.

The night before the race found him pacing the floor of the stable where he stayed on watch to make certain no one would tamper with the horse he was scheduled to ride—a jumper named Sweet Kiss.

Unlike flat riders, a steeplechase jockey wasn't permitted to apply for a riding license until after he proved his capability to the officials.

To demonstrate this ability, he was allowed two trial races. Frankie sweated all that night, telling himself that this was his one and perhaps last chance to make good as a rider.

Sweet Kiss was entered in the steeplechase at Belmont the following day, June 4, 1923.

Word got around quickly that a green boy was in the saddle, and her price which ordinarily would have been no better than two-to-one, soared to five-to-one. Running against her were four other classy steeds, including Gimme, the favorite.

It had rained that morning and the track was sloppy. Frankie's colors of canary and blue became spattered with mud as he paced the backstretch before the race getting instruction from Frayling.

When the bugler sounded the parade to the post and Frankie, atop Sweet Kiss, got out on the track he realized that the long-awaited day had actually arrived. Now to show them that one didn't have to be born on the prairie to know horses and to be a topnotch rider. He felt in top condition; he had a good horse under him, Frayling's instructions were perfect.

Frankie was set to go.

The race was two miles over a sloppy course consisting of 11 obstacles. Gimme, the three-to-five favorite, broke on top and took an early lead. Hayes maneuvered his mount into the second position. He was following Frayling's explicit instructions not to make a bid until the stretch run.

The field of five jumpers plodded along, fetlocks deep in mud. Gimme, ridden by Jockey Mercier, was maintaining his [illegible] and was [illegible] Sweet Kiss was [illegible] a few [illegible] Sweet Kiss. Hayes was up in the saddle, his knees digging into her shoulders, his head down, his arms working in rhythm with movements of her head. The jock from Brooklyn was handling his mount with the [illegible]

Hayes kept Sweet Kiss directly behind the favorite until the last hurdle had been cleared. Then he began to put all he had into the ride.

As the favorite and the longshot raced neck and neck 20 yards from the finish line, Hayes suddenly hunched forward, his arms dangling.

The crowd cheered him and didn't know that as he won he couldn't hear. Sweet Kiss was galloping away riderless. Lying in the mud beyond the finish line was the crumpled form of Frankie Hayes.

Although it is customary for a jockey to weigh out after a race to make certain he carried the proper weight in the saddle, the stewards waived the procedure in the case of Hayes.

They didn't want to take the well earned victory away from the boy. Hayes was given credit [illegible] an official win at [illegible] of Sweet Kiss were [illegible].

Frankie Hayes, who had burst the vessels in his heart trying to win his first race, was buried in the canary and blue racing colors that he carried so courageously to victory.

He might have been a pint-size kid, but when it came to determination, you had to measure him by the gallon!

The Favorite and Longshot Raced Neck and Neck in the Stretch. Pulling Into a Short Lead, Hayes Suddenly Collapsed in the Saddle as His Mount Crossed the Finish.

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

RACE OF SWEET KISS, JUNE 4, 1923, AT BELMONT PARK

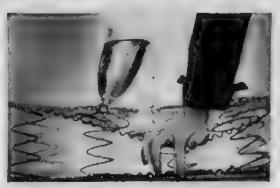
Starters	W	S	St	1/2	S	F	Jockey	Odds
Sweet Kiss	130	2	2	2	2	1	F. Hayes	5-1
Gimme	142	1		1	2	2	G. Mercier	3-5
Brand	130	4	4	4	3	3	W. McNarr	10-1
Infidel II	140	3	3	3	4	4	B. Kroger	4-1
Shrapnel III	144	5	5	5	5	5	W. Gantry	12-1

In this chart, the first column shows the starting horses; the next column, the weight carried; next, the pace of each horse at the start; then their places at the half-mile and a half, the stretch and the finish. The jockeys are listed and then the odds.

LOUISE ALLBRITTON, *featured in the Universal-International production,* "THE EGG AND I"

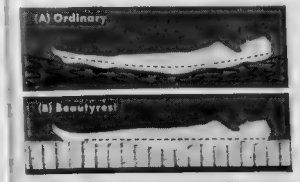
Louise Allbritton discovers the secret of "luxury sleeping comfort"

1. What gives a Beautyrest mattress the "luxury comfort" other mattresses *don't* seem to have? The answer is very simple: *Inside*, Beautyrest is built *differently!* To dramatize this difference, we've asked Louise Allbritton to make the "glass of water test."



2. First . . . notice what happens when Louise puts the water glass on the springs of an ordinary mattress, and presses near-by coils. The water spills. Why? Ordinary mattress coils are *all joined together* . . . go down *together* . . . form uncomfortable hollows.

3. Now see what happens when Louise puts the glass on a Beautyrest spring—and presses down, as above. Each of Beautyrest's 837 *individually pocketed* coil springs acts on its own . . . conforms to every curve and movement of your body—as springs *should*.



4. Compare! Above, (a), see how an ordinary mattress often sags under you. But below, (b), notice how Beautyrest's *individual* springs give your back *more restful support*. We know the difference—we make *both* kinds. Beautyrest comfort has no equal!

5. Lasts longer! In "torture tests" made by the U. S. Testing Co., Beautyrest lasted *far longer* than any other inner-spring mattress tested. P.S. Beautyrest's patented "no-sag" edge keeps edges neat, firm for the lifetime of the mattress, too!

6. "Luxury comfort" *10 a night!* Beautyrest is guaranteed for ten years, costs only $49.50. This amounts to *little more than 10 a night!* Matching Beautyrest Box Spring also $49.50. For the world's *most luxurious* sleeping comfort, order *both* today!

Only SIMMONS makes *Beautyrest**

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S ONLY ELECTRONIC BLANKET AND OTHER FINE-QUALITY BEDDING

* REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
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WHERE WAS THE *Garden of Eden?*

Adam and Eve and the Serpent—From a Painting in the Magdale Collection in the British Museum.

Dr. Broom Holding Skull of Adult of Half Million to Million Years Ago. Called Near-Man, It Has Ape and Human Characteristics.

By G. B. Lal

WHERE was the birthplace and the first home of man?

A conclusive answer to this riddle of the Garden of Eden, as conceived by science, may turn out to be the most important reward of new explorations, which will soon be undertaken in Africa by an American expedition.

At present scientific opinion is divided between two views, each supported by recent discoveries of skulls and bones of fossil apes and men. One is the view that Providence, or "the process of evolution," didn't favor any particular spot, even a continent, as the cradle of the human race.

As Dr. Franz Weidenreich, of the American Museum of Natural History, says: "The Garden of Eden—to use Biblical language—was all over the old world, in every one of the continents of Asia, Europe and Africa."

According to this theory, man sprang from many similar shoots in widely separated regions, when his "evolutionary hour had struck"—more than a million years ago.

Charles Darwin, however, wrote, in the last century, that man must have originated in the warm climate of Africa, where he could thrive without clothes and fire. Darwin's idea languished for lack of supporting evidence, such as of fossils of early man. Years later it was revived by discoveries in South Africa.

In 1924 Prof. Raymond A. Dart, of Johannesburg, found at the village of Taungs—only a few miles from the gold mines of Kimberley—a skull imbedded in, and filled with, limestone, belonging to a period of 1,500,000 years ago. This brain case must have housed the brain of a five-year-old child, judging by the milk teeth still preserved. Professor Dart called his Taungs baby, being sure that it was "man-in-the-making," Australopithecus Africanus, the South African Ape.

Stimulated by this discovery, Dr. Robert Broom, of the Transvaal Museum, began to hunt for more "missing links" between ape and man.

He made two discoveries at Sterkfontein. In 1936, Dr. Broom found the skull of a female adult, with combined ape and human characteristics, which he called Pleisianthropus (Near-man) of 500,000 to 1,000,000 years past.

In 1938, he learned that a 15-year-old school boy, Gert Terblanche, carried in his trousers pocket a fossil jaw and teeth.

The scientist obtained the specimen and connected it with a new skull, which was called Paranthropus, "Beside Man" (side-kick to true man-in-the-making), of 250,000 to 500,000 years ago.

Professor Dart and Dr. Broom were convinced that they had found the real specimens of "man-in-the-making," of different stages, and that in Africa, if anywhere specially, was the birthplace of the human race.

Their enthusiasm fired the imagination and ambition of 37-year-old Wendell Phillips, staff scientist of the Museum of Paleontology (science of fossils), at the University of California, of which the director is Prof. Charles L. Camp. Mr. Phillips has organized the University of California African Expedition which will leave this country in July.

Dr. Gordon Sproul, president of the university, appointed Mr. Phillips as the "leader" and Professor Camp as the "supervisor" of the enterprise, on whose advisory committee are Field Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa; Admiral Richard Byrd, Prof. William K. Gregory and Dr. Franz Weidenreich, of the American Museum of Natural History, and a galaxy of other famed scientists.

Maintaining headquarters at Johannesburg, the American cavalcade will move in ten specially built trucks, from village to village, jungle to jungle.

William B. Terry, famous for his exclusive photographs of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, will direct photographic and other technical operations. The explorers hope that in a year's time they will have found new fossils of "man-in-the-making" types, samples of native cultures and geological data, which, in conjunction with measurements of living types, will link the present with some two millions years ago.

At first, such leading British anthropologists as Sir Arthur Keith and Prof. Le Gros Clark didn't think that the skulls found by Dart and Broom belonged to any "missing links." Now they agree with the South African scientists that the fossils represent the stages by which ape-man became man.

"Dartians were ground-living anthropoids, human in posture, gait and dentition," writes Sir Arthur in "Nature."

Dr. Weidenreich, also, regards the African specimens as representing "more of the ape than of the man." The Taungs creature, of some 1,500,000 years ago, and the Near-Man of some 500,000 years later, are less human, and more apelike, than the earliest "real men" known.

The giant man of China, perhaps of 2,000,000 years past, and the giant man of Java, maybe of 500,000 to 900,000 years ago, were genuine men, with some ape characteristics left over. It has been estimated that these Asian giants, with their enormously large jaws, weighed about 1,200 pounds, or twice as much as a gorilla.

The size of their brains, however, was between 36 and 37 cubic inches as compared to modern man's average of between 48 and 50 cubic inches and present day apes' average of 24 cubic inches.

Fossils of the Neanderthal types of man, estimated to be 100,000 to 150,000 years old, and of his successor, with larger brain—as large as our own—the Cromagnon man—have been found, with fossils of apes, at various places in Africa, Asia, and Europe. Did man originate in Africa and then go to the other two continents? Or did he evolve in three continents?

Dr. Weidenreich, unlike Professor Dart and Dr. Broom, believes that the "Garden of Eden" was in various spots of the Old World.

Man was evolved in Asia, Europe and Africa in parallel ages, and along parallel, but not identical, physical and cultural lines.

The story of man's civilization can be traced back at least 100,000 years, while written history reveals only some 6,000 years of development.

The New World was not the cradle of the human race.

Perhaps the Asians who began to come here, more than 15,000 years before Columbus, sought release from poverty and tyranny.

They foreshadowed the growth of new civilization since Columbus. America was destined to be the Eden of free adventure, enterprise and invention.

As Dr. Weidenreich said, man's brain has not increased in size appreciably, during the past 100,000 years, but he has progressed through gains in culture.

A careful study of the past, in Africa and elsewhere, helps us in understanding ourselves better, and in charting the course of civilization today with scientific skill.

New England Breakfast

Fresh California Orange Juice

Codfish Cakes and Bacon **Baked Beans**

Boston Brown Bread **Wild Plum Jam** **Coffee**

Interesting breakfast? Yes! Most interesting because a newer favorite is now added to the old – fresh California orange juice. And with good reason. All of those other foods provide almost no vitamin C, the very vitamin health authorities say we should get at breakfast. Orange juice does, *abundantly*.

A big glass every day will give added pleasure and value to your own breakfast. Flavor? You'll tilt your glass up high for the last of its deliciousness. Health? Just check the charts and see!

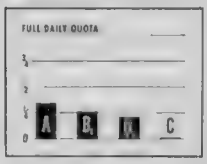
Sunkist Oranges make good eating in lots of ways! Keep them on hand always…for recipes, lunch boxes, between-meal snacks. They are the finest fruit from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.

• • •

You will be interested in our colorful new booklet, "Famous American Breakfasts." It is free, together with our popular orange recipe book. Write Sunkist, Dept. 1705, Los Angeles 55, Calif.

SEE HOW MUCH HEALTH ORANGE JUICE ADDS!

Without fresh California orange juice, breakfast supplies this much of the day's vitamin needs:



Here are the vitamins you get from an average good American breakfast* *without orange juice.* It falls short in vitamin C. This is true of most foods. Yet you need C daily to fight fatigue and infection, protect teeth and gums, keep feeling young.

With fresh California orange juice, breakfast supplies this much of the day's vitamin needs:

Oranges are your richest everyday source of vitamin C. A big glass of juice fills your day's need and boosts other food values, too. That's why, big or little, all good American breakfasts start with fresh California orange juice. Yours should!

*cereal with milk, egg, toast and coffee

California **Sunkist** *Oranges*

BEST FOR JUICE—*and Every use!*

THE MYSTERY OF *Percy*

The Young Corporal Was Variously Reported Missing in Action, Killed in Action, Dead in a German Prison Camp and Back Home Arranging to Get Married.

By Ray Doyle and Warren Hall

DEATH of a son in his country's service is a grievous blow to any mother, but it leaves a wound that may be assuaged by pride and covered by the scar-tissue of time. Far worse is doubt, uncertainty, the gnawing fear of never knowing.

After her boy went to war, Mrs. Clara Thomas received many letters. There were V-mail letters from him, which stopped. There were letters from the War Department—that he was missing in action; that he had been killed in Germany on such and such a day; no, that he had been a prisoner of war and died at another time; that his remains were never recovered; no, that he was buried in a French cemetery.

Then there was another letter, a letter from a girl who said that Corporal Percy W. Thomas Jr. hadn't died at all, but had come back and was going to marry her.

"What am I to believe?" Mrs. Thomas asked in a poignant letter to The American Weekly.

In attempting to find the answer, and to aid the sorrowing mother in her frantic search, this publication has encountered the most baffling case of confused identity yet to come out of World War II.

Mrs. Thomas, who scarcely looks old enough to have a soldier son, lives with her husband, a dentist, their other two boys and a daughter in an attractive home in a fashionable Philadelphia suburb.

Their eldest, Percy Jr., was inducted into the Army on March 9, 1943. He was 18. He spent 18 months at Camp Edwards, Mass., where he received anti-aircraft training. While he was there he met and planned to marry Peggy Webster, daughter of a prominent physician of New Bedford, Mass. Then he was transferred, in rapid order, to Camp Davis, N. C.; Orlando, Fla.; Camps Stewart and Gordon, Ga., and Camp Meade, Md. He embarked for France on Jan. 6, 1945.

His last V-mail letter, dated the following Feb. 12, spoke of his War Bond savings, boasted that "I'll have enough to help buy our new car as soon as I get home, which will be very shortly," and finished: "Please, Mother, don't forget our prayer every night."

On March 1 a War Department telegram announced to the family that T/5 Percy W. Thomas Jr. was missing in action as of Feb. 14—two days after he had written. A letter from Adjutant General J. A. Ulio on March 5 offered condolence and pointed out that "many persons reported missing in action are subsequently reported as prisoners of war."

That slight hope flickered in mid-July when the War Department wrote that "information based on captured official German records shows that your son was killed in action in the vicinity of Saarbrucken on the date he was previously reported missing in action."

A note of confusion crept in, however, when the War Department sent a correction on Jan. 16, 1946, which said: "A report based on information taken from captured official German basic Prisoner of War records reveals that your son died on Feb. 22, 1945. No other information given."

Still wondering whether her boy had been slain in battle or had died while he was a prisoner, Mrs. Thomas took the rest of her children last summer to the family's lodge in Ridge Creek Valley, about 40 miles from Philadelphia. Her husband, who commuted daily, picked up a letter at their home and brought it to her on July 7, remarking, as he looked at the postmark:

"We don't know anybody in Suffern, N. Y. I suppose it's from another of Percy's buddies."

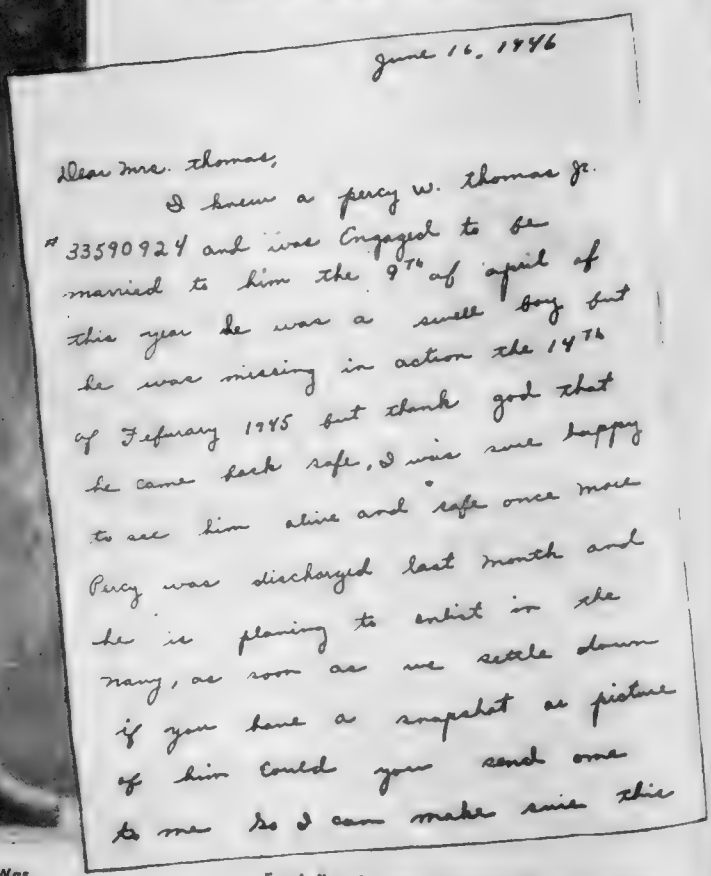
IT WASN'T. It was signed "Lieut. (jg) Mary Lou Christiansen, care Rockland State Hospital, Orangeburg, N. Y." and it said:

"Dear Mrs. Thomas: I knew a Percy W. Thomas Jr., No. 33590924, and was engaged to be married to him the 9th of April this year. He was a swell boy but he was missing in action Feb. 14, 1945, but, thank God, he came back safe. I sure was happy to see him alive and safe once more.

"Percy was discharged last month and he is planning to enlist in the Navy as soon as we settle down. If you have a snapshot or picture of him, could you send one to me so I can make sure this is your son, and I'll tell him to write you? He has mentioned about Pennsylvania and what a lovely place it is.

"This Percy was with Company B, 1st Infantry,

This Photo of the Missing Soldier's Mother Was in His Wallet at the Time He Disappeared.



June 16, 1946

Dear Mrs. Thomas,

I knew a Percy W. Thomas Jr. #33590924 and was Engaged to be married to him the 9th of April of this year he was a swell boy but he was missing in action the 14th of February 1945 but thank god that he came back safe, I was sure happy to see him alive and safe once more Percy was discharged last month and he is planing to enlist in the Navy, as soon as we settle down if you have a snapshot or picture of him could you send one to me so I can make sure this

Facsimile of Letter Received by Mrs. Thomas From Girl in an Upstate New York Institution.

328th Division. I pray you will write me 'This is my son.' Please write as soon as possible. I'll return the photo."

Mrs. Thomas studied the letter carefully. It was dated three weeks earlier—June 16. The serial number was her son's. The identification of his outfit was almost correct and understandably confused—he had been in Company B of the 328th Infantry. Most convincing of all was the identical date—Feb. 14, 1945—on which the War Department had reported him missing. No casual acquaintance who might have met Percy in the service could have obtained that information.

Instead of writing, Mrs. Thomas drove to the Rockland State Hospital in Orangeburg with a son, Oliver, 17, and a family friend. They were stunned when hospital officials informed them that Mary Lou Christiansen, instead of being a Navy officer and nurse, as they had believed, was an inmate of the institution and had been committed there because of her mental and physical condition.

AN interview was arranged with Mary Lou, who told a strange story. Several weeks previously, she said, she had been visited by a friend, Lois Hughes, who also was known as Gladys Taylor. Lois was accompanied by a young man whom she introduced as her fiance, Percy Thomas. She said she wanted to communicate with Percy's mother but was afraid of getting into trouble if she wrote a letter.

"But how would that get her into trouble?"

Thomas

Mrs. Thomas asked.

"Because," Mary Lou said, "she was a Wave and she ran away—I think they call it AWOL."

Mary Lou had agreed to write the letter herself. Since all mail leaving or arriving at the hospital was censored, she had tossed it from a window to a passerby, asking that it be mailed.

Mrs. Thomas showed the girl three pictures. She rejected the first, which was that of a friend who somewhat resembled Percy. She looked carefully at the second, which was a photo of Percy when he entered the service, and said: "That's a little like him." At the third, which was Percy after a period of convalescence, she exclaimed: "That's him. That's the fellow who was here with Lois. He was kind of sickly looking, like that."

Mary Lou didn't want to talk about Lois, whom she said she had met while they were both inmates at the State Training School for Girls in Hudson, N. Y. Finally she admitted she had been writing to Lois and Percy, who, she said, had assumed the name of Reginald Welliganski and was living on an RFD route near Louisville, Ky.

When Mary Lou said Percy was in poor health, Mrs. Thomas decided to drive to Louisville. With the aid of Louisville police and postal authorities, she went over every RFD route near the city, but there was no trace of Lois Hughes, Gladys Taylor or Reginald Welliganski.

She telephoned the Rockland hospital and was allowed to speak to Mary Lou. Occasionally, Mary Lou said, Lois Hughes used the name of Charlotte Abraham. Again the worried mother toured the mail routes, but there was no sign of Charlotte Abraham, either.

She returned home and wrote to some of the boys who had been in Percy's unit. The first answer came from Leo Brisette, a Rhode Islander, who said he believed Percy and Henry D. Dempkey of Hesperia, Michigan, were killed when a booby trap blew up in a house in Saarlauten on Feb. 14, 1945.

THE mother wrote to Dempkey's parents and got a reply from Henry himself, who said two other men had died in the explosion.

"Percy and I," he wrote, "made a dash for another house. I am not sure, but I think Percy made it. They were shooting at us from all directions. I got a bullet in the back."

Through her congressman, Mrs. Thomas was promised that Army records would be rechecked. Major General Edward F. Witsell wrote:

"Technician Thomas was last seen wounded in a building which was subsequently retaken by the enemy. Information received later, based on captured German records, disclosed that he died on 22 February 1945, in the vicinity of Saarbruecken, Germany. If Technician Thomas had returned to our forces and later to this country for discharge from the Army, as indicated in the letter to Mrs. Thomas, reports concerning him would have been submitted to this office. None has been received."

On Nov. 8, 1946, Col. William J. McDonald of the Quartermaster Corps advised that "information received from theatre concerned failed to reveal recovery of Technician Thomas's body."

In almost direct contradiction, Major General T. B. Larkin, the Quartermaster General, wrote on Jan. 23, 1947:

"The records of this office disclose that his remains are interred in the U. S. Military Cemetery St. Avold (near Metz, France), plot 0000, row 7, grave 156."

Corporal Thomas—His Mother Is Sure He Would Communicate With Her or His Fiancee in Massachusetts If He Were Alive.

What, indeed, was a grieving mother to believe, particularly when a girl she couldn't locate had her boy's serial number, his unit designation, his home address and even the date on which he was reported missing?

The American Weekly interviewed Mary Lou Christiansen at the hospital. She is 17, tall, brown-haired, rather sullen. Her mother died in 1937 in a mental institution. Her father, a Danish sailor, went to sea. Mary Lou went to the training school at Hudson and had been released from there only a short time before she was committed to Rockland on June 8, 1945.

If she had met Percy Thomas before he was shipped abroad, it would have had to have been during the brief interlude between institutions, and there was no indication that she ever was within several hundred miles of any of the camps at which he was stationed.

Dr. S. L. Victor, psychologist at the hospital, said she was "painfully honest" but, like most institutional girls, would either lie or refuse to talk if she thought anything she said might get a friend into trouble.

Lois Hughes, it developed, had been paroled from the state training school and was living in Manhattan with nine other persons in a one-room-and-kitchenette apartment. She said she did not know Mary Lou Christiansen, Gladys Taylor or Charlotte Abraham and denied having used any of the names as an alias. She had not been near any of the Army camps and merely stared blankly when she was shown a picture of Percy Thomas.

Further investigation showed that a girl named Charlotte Abraham had also been an inmate of the training school at Hudson. She had been an habitual runaway, and on one occasion had been gone for six months. During this time she had been with many soldiers and had lived for two weeks near Camp Davis, N. C., where Percy Thomas had been stationed for a short time. She is currently confined in the Westfield State Prison at Bedford Hills, N. Y.

"But anyhow," she asked, after the situation had been explained, "how could I have written or talked to Mary Lou Christiansen last year, even if I knew her? I have been here longer than that." Which was true.

THE Army and Navy reported they had never had a WAC or a WAVE named Mary Lou Christiansen, Lois Hughes, Gladys Taylor or Charlotte Abraham. The War Department could find no record of a soldier, casualty, or discharge named Reginald Welliganski. Neither the Merchant Marine nor the National Maritime Union had anyone listed as Reginald Welliganski or Percy Thomas.

"Unless he has lost his memory or has something terrible on his conscience," says Mrs. Thomas, "I am sure that Percy, if alive, would communicate with Peggy Webster, the Massachusetts girl whom he loved, or with me. And yet..."

Here is his description: 5-feet, 11½ inches tall, 185 pounds, large brown eyes, wavy brown hair, perfect teeth, medium complexion. Identification marks: scar beneath left eyebrow; mole behind left ear; brown blotch in small of back.

Will anyone who has seen him, or has any new light to throw on any of the circumstances related above, please communicate with the Editor of The American Weekly, 235 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.?

FOR A GLAMOROUS, GOOD-FOR-YOU MEAL—

Jewel Crest Salad* & Lipton's Noodle Soup

HERE'S a delightful "light" meal—yet beautifully balanced in vital food values:

Start with chickeny, appetite-tingling Lipton's Noodle Soup. With grand, old-fashioned flavor and oodles of golden egg noodles floating in its rich, parsley-flecked broth.

Then cut into the Jewel Crest Salad (this recipe makes 6 shimmering servings)

*Jewel Crest Salad

1½ tablespoons plain gelatin
½ cup cold water
1 No. 2½ can Fruit Cocktail (3½ cups)
¼ cup lemon juice
Pineapple (sliced or chunks)
Maraschino cherries

Soften gelatin in cold water. Place over hot water; stir until dissolved. Drain syrup from fruit cocktail. Measure syrup; there should be about 1½ cups. Add water to make 2 cups.

Mix gelatin, syrup, and lemon juice. Rinse 2-quart mold in cold water. Arrange pineapple and cherries as desired, in bottom of mold. Cover with thin layer of gelatin mixture (about 1 cup). Chill until firm. Add fruit cocktail to the remaining gelatin mixture. Blend well. Pour over first layer. Chill until firm. Unmold on serving plate. Garnish with crisp salad greens.

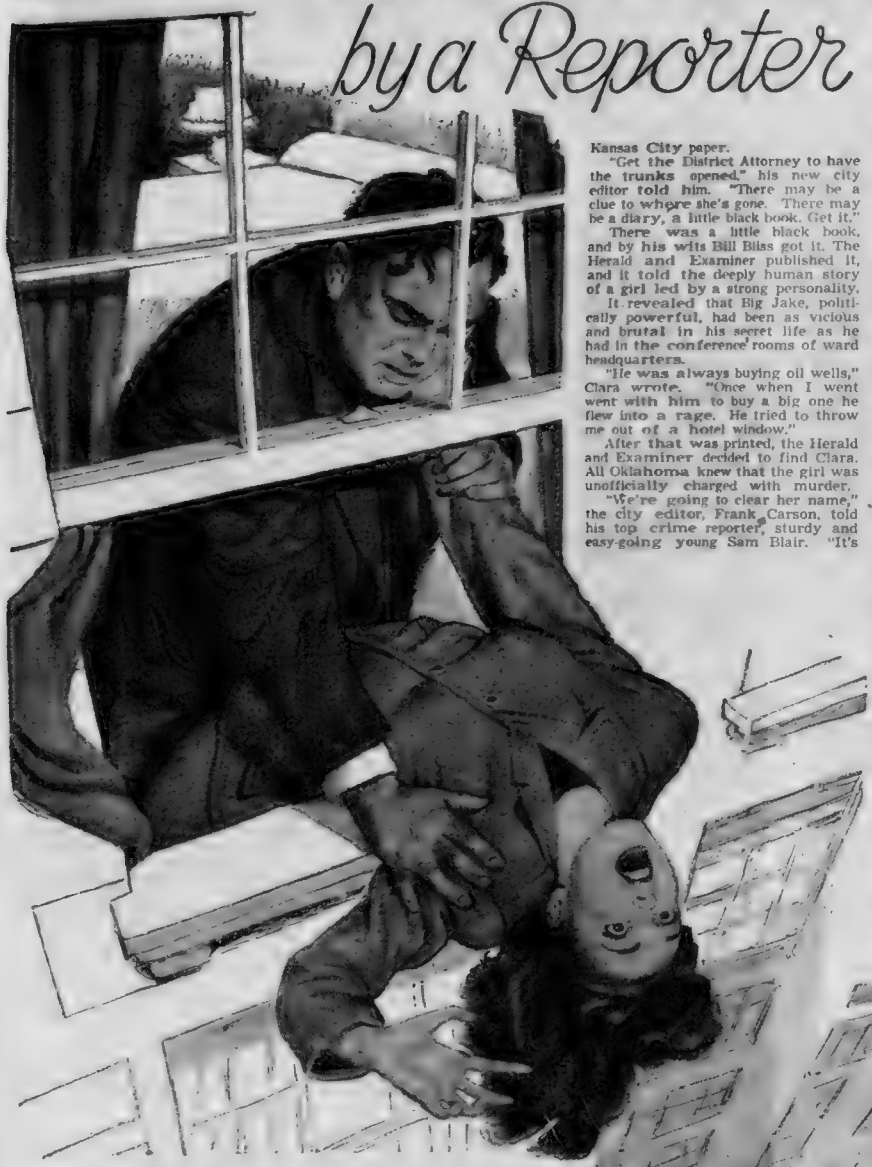
When you unmold your salad, empty a package of Lipton's Noodle Soup Mix into boiling water—in *7 minutes* you have the most delicious soup that ever floated a noodle. It tastes *fresh-cooked* because *you* fresh-cook the makings Lipton's has prepared for you.

To complete the meal: Toasted cream cheese sandwiches, chocolate meringue pie, iced *brisk* Lipton Tea. All economical. Especially Lipton's Noodle Soup! One package makes 4 to 6 servings—almost a *quart* of soup—nearly 1½ times as much as most *canned* soups. So you save money!

LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP

Made by the makers of that brisk Lipton Tea

EXONERATED *by a Reporter*



By William Engle

FROM his second floor room in the Randol Hotel in Ardmore, Okla., Big Jake Hamon, oil field millionaire, walked uncertainly down to the lobby on the night of Nov. 23, 1920, and lurched out the front door.

As he stumbled into a taxicab and gave the address of a private sanitarium, his words were slurred. He was dying of a bullet wound in his stomach.

Upstairs in the hotel, in a room adjoining Hamon's, his 27-year-old niece by marriage, Clara Smith Hamon, (it became known much later) was packing a traveling bag.

Big Jake was big time in the Southwest then. He was a national committeeman, his wealth made him a behind-the-scenes power in politics and many expected him to be named Secretary of the Interior under President Warren G. Harding.

His word was generally believed but in the week that he lived on after the shooting, it was doubted.

Doggedly, to the time of his death, he whispered to his physician, Dr. Walter Hardy, and to officials

"I did it myself, accidentally. I was cleaning a rifle."

That was the official story. From Oklahoma it was telegraphed up and down the country. It was the story that powerful interests wanted told. What they didn't want divulged was the brief, incidental information that Clara Smith Hamon was missing.

When that news ticked into the editorial room of the Chicago Herald and Examiner, the editors didn't pause over it long.

By telephone, they learned that the girl, who had been Big Jake's secretary as well as his niece, had sent trunks to Kansas City, and by telephone they promptly hired a star reporter, Bill Bliss, away from a Kansas City paper.

"Get the District Attorney to have the trunks opened," his new city editor told him. "There may be a clue to where she's gone. There may be a diary, a little black book. Get it."

There was a little black book, and by his wits Bill Bliss got it. The Herald and Examiner published it, and it told the deeply human story of a girl led by a strong personality.

It revealed that Big Jake, politically powerful, had been as vicious and brutal in his secret life as he had in the conference rooms of ward headquarters.

"He was always buying oil wells," Clara wrote. "Once when I went went with him to buy a big one he flew into a rage. He tried to throw me out of a hotel window."

After that was printed, the Herald and Examiner decided to find Clara. All Oklahoma knew that the girl was unofficially charged with murder.

"We're going to clear her name," the city editor, Frank Carson, told his top crime reporter, sturdy and easy-going young Sam Blair. "It's up to you to find her."

Blair went to Ardmore, Okla., and he'd been there hardly an hour before he saw that the interests which had put out the story of Big Jake's accidental shooting wouldn't let any other story be put out.

Blair wasn't surprised. He took luck as it came. He knew it couldn't all be bad. In Russell D. Brown, Carter County prosecutor, he came on his good break.

Blair told Brown what he'd got, off the record, in his inquiry.

Brown admitted the logic and formally charged Clara with quarreling with Big Jake in the Randol Hotel, and shooting him.

Sam Blair told Brown he'd find Clara, bring her back, and clear her.

Blair traced Clara to Durant, Okla., then to Denison, Okla. There he lost her, and went to her family in El Paso, where he helped her brother, James, out of a scrape. That made James listen to him as he said:

"You take me to Clara. We'll bring her back. I'll see she has defense lawyers who won't lose."

James agreed. They struck south to Chihuahua, Mexico, and Sam Blair began to make inquiries all over that town. They brought him a response he hadn't foreseen.

Two mysterious natives, well clad and well spoken, called on him. They told him to have photographs made of himself and James. They were protecting a lady in distress who might be interested.

Through the photographs, Sam Blair came, a few nights later, to the high point of his quest. In the moonlight of a little park, he waited, and out of the shadows Big Jake Hamon's sweet and desperate girl emerged.

He told her that he wanted to clear her name and since he was a reporter he wanted her story, and after a while she talked.

"I was only 17 when Big Jake Hamon began to lie to me," she said. "I thought I loved him, Mr. Blair, he made me his slave."

She was just as frank about what happened the night Hamon was shot. Of course, she said, he didn't shoot himself.

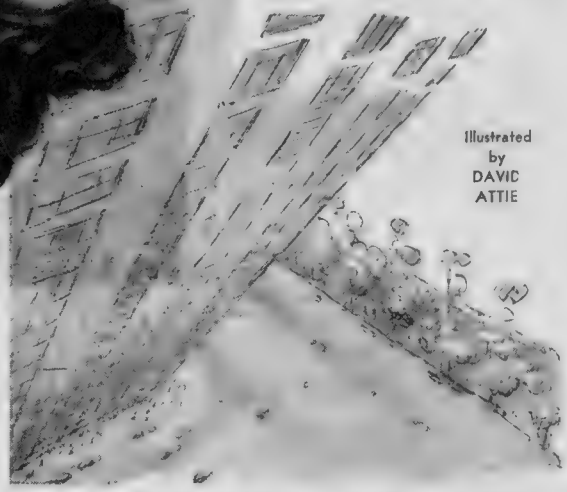
"We had rooms next to each other. He came into mine that night and he'd been drinking. He got himself into a rage. He choked me.

"There was a gun—he'd given it to me. Oh, I didn't murder him. I was fighting him away! Then the gun went off!"

Sam Blair wired her honest story back to Chicago and the Herald and Examiner printed it.

Blair and her brother James took her across the border, back to El Paso, had her give herself up to Sheriff Buck Garrett and stand trial.

On the witness stand, she told the same story she told Sam in the moonlight in Chihuahua. In 40 minutes, the jury found her not guilty.



Illustrated by DAVID ATTIE

When Big Jake Hamon Went on a Trip to Buy an Oil Well, He Took Along His Secretary and Niece by Marriage, Clara Smith Hamon. She Rued That Day. In a Rage, He Tried to Hurl Her Out of a Hotel Window.

GREAT DUELS of the GOLD RUSH DAYS

Judge David Terry Was Called "Terry, the Terrible" and His Fatal Duel With Senator Broderick Was the Most Famous of California's Roaring '50s.

By Harry H. Morgan

ARTICLE I

"Terry the Terrible"

THE turbulent wave of humanity that swept over pastoral California in the wake of James Marshall's discovery of gold nearly a century ago brought a horde of daring men, hell bent on fame and fortune.

Unbelievable wealth could be picked up under foot. The Forty-niners scrambled wildly for riches and renown. Life was cheap, but honor was a fetish.

The setting provoked the greatest outburst of duelling in the country's history. Men wore their pride on their sleeves. The slightest affront brought a challenge to mortal combat. Only a coward would decline the issue and cowards didn't get there.

Thus, the decade between 1850 and 1860 saw scores of disputes among embittered men settled in a flash of gunfire in strict accordance with the dueling code.

So prevalent did the practice become that many of the lesser combatants were dismissed anonymously by historians with a phrase, as "two men fought a duel at Whisky Slide; cause unknown," or, "a duel with pistols brought fatal result to two miners at Rattlesnake Bar."

Others, between men of prominence, stirred nation-wide feeling. The most famous of these was the duel between U. S. Senator David C. Broderick and Judge David S. Terry in 1859.

Against a background of political rivalry, a breach between the two men was widened when Terry, who had just been defeated for renomination as chief justice of the California Supreme Court, branded Broderick an arch-traitor.

The Senator retorted by expressing regrets that he once had saved Terry's life when the San Francisco Vigilantes had it in mind to hang him for stabbing a man with a bowie knife that he always wore in his belt.

"I also take back a statement I once made that I considered you the only honest man on the supreme court bench," Broderick wrote. "You are the proper judge as to whether this language affords good grounds for offense."

Stripped of the grandiose verbiage of the times, these were just plain "fightin' words."

Judge Terry immediately sent a formal challenge. Broderick accepted. Both were well versed in the law, but like less notable duellists, they winked at the statute that banned such matches.

Pistols were chosen as weapons, seconds were named, and a date was set for the meeting at which each opponent would have the chance to satisfy his honor with bullets.

SHORTLY after midnight on September 13 a small procession of buggies, bearing attendants and spectators, started out through the cold, foggy darkness of San Francisco. The duelling ground was a rancho, about 12 miles from the city.

Broderick had spent the night in a house near by. Terry appeared at the site at dawn. Some 80 spectators huddled in groups, shivering from tension and cold.

The seconds met, examined the eight-inch Belgian dueling pistols, and loaded them.

The duellists took their positions. Each was examined by the other's seconds to make sure protective mail was not being worn.

The pistols were cocked and the hair triggers were set. Terry remained cool, but Broderick began to show signs of extreme nervousness.

One, perhaps two, bright careers would be snuffed out within the next few moments. The gray fog enveloped the scene like a shroud.

Calhoun Benham, Terry's second, read the conditions. David Colton, a Broderick second, announced the instructions:

"I shall give the word 'Fire,' followed by the words 'One,' 'Two.' Neither party is to raise his pistol before the word 'Fire,' nor to discharge it after the word 'Two.'"

The adversaries stood silent, facing each other 10 paces apart, their cocked pistols at their sides.

"Gentlemen," Colton's voice rang out, "are you ready?"

"I am ready!" Terry answered clearly.

Broderick's momentous reply came slowly. It was several seconds before he said, "Ready."

"Fire!"

"One ..."

A flash spurted from Broderick's pistol. He was the first to squeeze the trigger, but in nervousness or haste discharged his weapon before bringing it to a level aim. The bullet struck the ground at Terry's feet.

An instant later Terry fired, before the count of "Two."

His aim was sure. His bullet struck Broderick in the right side. The wounded man winced, half-turned, then tried to straighten himself with a little fortitude a proud man could muster. Before his seconds could reach him he sank to the ground.

"The wound is not mortal," Terry exclaimed. His honor, having been vindicated in blood, was satisfied.

Terry's Aim Was Sure. The Bullet Struck Broderick in the Right Side and the Wounded Man, Half-Turning, Sank to the Ground Before His Seconds Could Reach Him.

Terry erred in his prediction of the outcome. Broderick suffered intensely four days, then died.

Thousands of the Senator's followers surged through San Francisco's streets, angrily clamoring for Terry's life, but by the time Terry was arrested and tried, nearly a year later, the cry for vengeance had subsided.

Events moved so swiftly in these exciting days that a single incident of violence, even the killing of a prominent man, soon was forgotten.

In an appearance before a friendly judge in a near-by county, Terry was cleared. Justice had struck him just two inches from the right.

However, Judge Terry's days of strife and violence were not at an end. A hot-blooded Kentuckian by birth, he spent a lifetime in the midst of danger. As a youth he was a follower of Sam Houston in Texas and fought in the Mexican War.

His hectic career in the California gold rush days was followed by service in the Confederate Army. At the end of the Civil War he returned to the scene of his classic duel, an event all but forgotten in the intervening years.

His bowie knife still in his belt, Terry again stepped into a spectacular role in the celebrated lawsuit of Sarah Althea Hill, colorful bonanza queen, against William Sharon, Nevada Senator, who amassed a vast fortune from the fabulous Comstock Lode.

Man of millions, the elderly Senator Sharon found himself involved in litigation with Miss Hill, lunoesque adventuress, better known as The Rose of Sharon.

Proclaiming herself his wife, she turned to the courts to establish the validity of a secret marriage contract and to obtain a divorce along with a generous slice of Sharon's wealth. Terry, whose weapons and reputation gave him the name Terry, the Terrible," became her attorney.

The trial dragged on for three months. There was testimony that The Rose of Sharon's first visit to the Senator's sumptuous quarters was enlivened by nothing more daring than the tycoon's recitation of poetry and his singing of "Auld Lang Syne." Later their association became more vivacious.

"He told me how he liked the girls and couldn't I learn to like an old man like him," Rose of Sharon said. There was an offer of a thousand dollars a month, his daughter's white horse, and "lots of other things," as inducements.

As if her own evident charms were not sufficient, the beauteous Rose invoked the aid of a sorceress, Mammy Pleasant, mysterious crone.

WHEN her romance languished Rose took her problem to Mammy Pleasant, who had the answer—her love powders.

Compounded in mumbo-jumbo from a witches' brew, the concoction was guaranteed to quicken the ardor of the most indifferent. The powders were sprinkled liberally on the floor of Sharon's bedroom. Others were dropped in his whisky.

How well they worked was related by a witness who told of hiding in the Senator's room.

The defense, to Terry's chagrin, made effective use of the magic and trickery Rose employed to work her way into Sharon's good graces.

Once Mammy Pleasant tied a pair of the Senator's socks into a hard knot, told Rose to dip the toes in whisky, wear them around her left knee because it was nearest the heart, and be prepared for an outburst of affection.

As the trial dragged on Terry's interest in Rose became more than that usually shown between attorney and client. At last the case ended. The court upheld the validity of the marriage contract. It ruled that Rose was entitled to a divorce and a division of Sharon's millions.

A short time later The Rose of Sharon was Terry's bride.

However, the troubles of the tempestuous couple were not ended by matrimony. The ruling in the Sharon trial was appealed.

The case was heard in the circuit court, presided over by Supreme Court Justice Stephen J. Field, assigned to the California district, as was customary in those times. He ruled that the Sharon marriage contract was fraudulent.

The decision threw the courtroom into an uproar. Mrs. Terry was on her feet shouting: "You have been paid!"

Justice Field ordered the marshal to throw her out. She met the advancing officer with a slinging blow on the face.

Terry leaped to his wife's side and joined the fight vigorously.

Rose was hauled from the courtroom fighting and kicking. Terry, the Terrible, bowie knife in hand, was held back by deputies with drawn guns.

FOR their violent defiance, Terry and his wife were ordered to jail for six and three months, respectively.

Their bitterness never died. Terry, the duellist who had fought to defend his honor, was not a man to drop an enmity.

A year later Terry and his wife, bound by train for San Francisco, alighted at Lathrop, a hundred miles from their destination, for breakfast. Inside the station dining room they came face to face with their mortal enemy, Justice Field. He was at an adjoining table, accompanied by his bodyguard, U. S. Marshal David Neagle.

Terry at once stepped to Field's side, possibly unaware that Neagle was an armed guard. Two quick blows were landed on Field's head.

Neagle jumped between the pair. As he did so, Terry's hand slipped inside his coat pocket. His fingers tightened around his trusted knife.

The marshal jerked his six-shooter. Two quick shots rang out in the crowded dining room.

Terry fell to the floor, dying. His wife, struggling to reach a loaded pistol concealed in her purse, was overpowered by bystanders before she could fire.

The saga of Terry, the Terrible, was ended.

Two years after his death a dreamy-eyed woman, her beauty faded, was found wandering down San Francisco's Montgomery street at midday in a ballroom gown.

"I was just looking for Mammy Pleasant," The Rose of Sharon told questioners. "Mammy's potions always cure my troubles."

But Mammy's charms could work no magic for her now.

Declared insane, The Rose of Sharon was placed in an asylum. There she lived in a haze of grandeur until she died in 1937 at the age of 90.

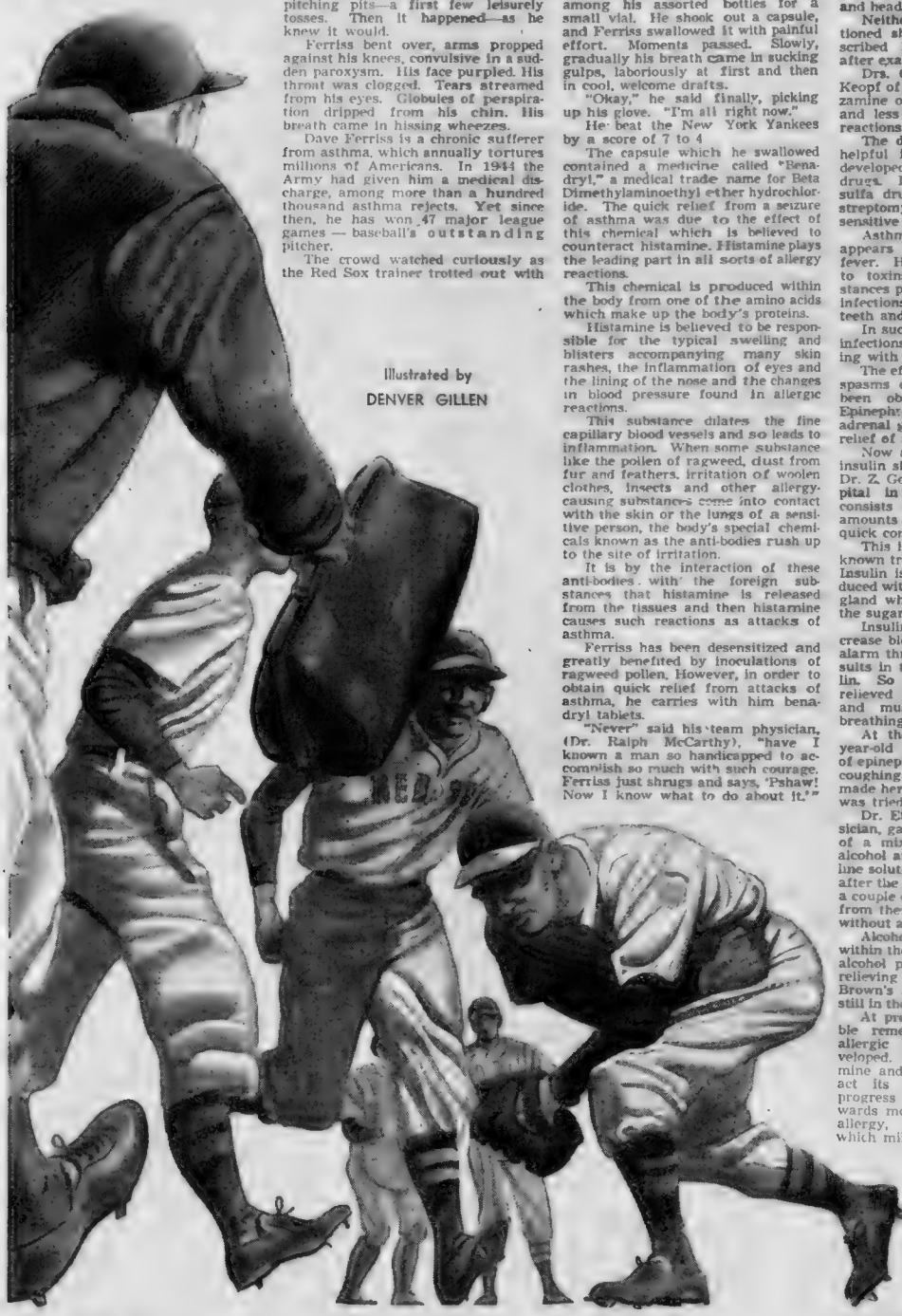
Next week—Honor of the Crusading Spinster.

Illustrated by MATT CLARK

HELP FOR Asthma Sufferers

By Austen Lake

Illustrated by DENVER GILLEN



Dave Ferriss Was Warming Up When the Attack Struck Him. He Bent Over, With Arms Propped Against His Knees, Convulsed in a Sudden Paroxysm.

Late, before game time Dave Ferriss, the Red Sox' leading pitcher, knew he was in for a tough afternoon. He did not tell Joe Cronin, however, when his manager said, half apologetically, "Guess it's you, Dave. We need this game."

Dave nodded. He walked through the players' tunnel and into Boston's Fenway Park, already crowded by a holiday throng. It was Saturday, April 17, 1946.

Rain had fallen all night, but by mid-morning skies had cleared, leaving the fresh-cut outfield grass moist and exuding a faint odor that came as a pleasant perfume to the brick-bound city fans.

To Ferriss it was a noxious poison. But he said nothing, merely beginning his pre-game warmup in the pitching pits—a first few leisurely tosses. Then it happened—as he knew it would.

Ferriss bent over, arms propped against his knees, convulsive in a sudden paroxysm. His face purpled. His throat was clogged. Tears streamed from his eyes. Globules of perspiration dripped from his chin. His breath came in hissing wheezes.

Dave Ferriss is a chronic sufferer from asthma, which annually tortures millions of Americans. In 1944 the Army had given him a medical discharge, among more than a hundred thousand asthma rejects. Yet since then, he has won 47 major league games — baseball's outstanding pitcher.

The crowd watched curiously as the Red Sox trainer trotted out with his black satchel, and fumbled quickly among his assorted bottles for a small vial. He shook out a capsule, and Ferriss swallowed it with painful effort. Moments passed. Slowly, gradually his breath came in sucking gulps, laboriously at first and then in cool, welcome drafts.

"Okay," he said finally, picking up his glove. "I'm all right now."

He beat the New York Yankees by a score of 7 to 4

The capsule which he swallowed contained a medicine called "Benadryl," a medical trade name for Beta Dimethylaminoethyl ether hydrochloride. The quick relief from a seizure of asthma was due to the effect of this chemical which is believed to counteract histamine. Histamine plays the leading part in all sorts of allergy reactions.

This chemical is produced within the body from one of the amino acids which make up the body's proteins.

Histamine is believed to be responsible for the typical swelling and blisters accompanying many skin rashes, the inflammation of eyes and the lining of the nose and the changes in blood pressure found in allergic reactions.

This substance dilates the fine capillary blood vessels and so leads to inflammation. When some substance like the pollen of ragweed, dust from fur and feathers, irritation of woolen clothes, insects and other allergy-causing substances come into contact with the skin or the lungs of a sensitive person, the body's special chemicals known as the anti-bodies rush up to the site of irritation.

It is by the interaction of these anti-bodies with the foreign substances that histamine is released from the tissues and then histamine causes such reactions as attacks of asthma.

Ferriss has been desensitized and greatly benefited by inoculations of ragweed pollen. However, in order to obtain quick relief from attacks of asthma, he carries with him benadryl tablets.

"Never" said his team physician, (Dr. Ralph McCarthy), "have I known a man so handicapped to accomplish so much with such courage. Ferriss just shrugs and says, 'Pshaw! Now I know what to do about it.'"

Benadryl was developed by doctors George Rieveschl and W. F. Huber of Cincinnati. Another drug which has been developed by the Ciba Laboratories is pyribenzamine hydrochloride. According to Dr. C. P. Huttrer this drug has been found to relieve seasonal hay fever and hives in 85 to 95 per cent of the cases treated.

In the treatment of bronchial asthma and non-seasonal allergic hay fever the beneficial results have not been quite so high, but they still remain impressive. Other forms of allergy are also more or less relieved by the use of pyribenzamine.

In three to four per cent of the cases the use of the drugs resulted in undesirable symptoms such as nausea, sleepiness, dryness of the mouth, feeling of weakness, dizziness and headache.

Neither of the two drugs mentioned should be taken, unless prescribed by a competent physician after examination of the individual.

Drs. Carl Arbesman and George Keopf of Buffalo have found pyribenzamine on the whole more effective, and less likely to cause unpleasant reactions.

The drugs have also been found helpful in relieving the sensitivity developed by the use of the sulfa drugs. In some cases not only the sulfa drugs, but also penicillin and streptomycin, cause certain forms of sensitive reactions, that is, allergy.

Asthma in the most common cases appears to be an allergy like hay fever. However, it may also be due to toxins, that is, poisonous substances produced in the body by such infections as common cold, infected teeth and tonsils.

In such cases the treatment of the infections is the basic method of dealing with asthma.

The effect hormones have upon the spasms of the lung in asthma has been observed for a long time Epinephrine, the hormone of the adrenal gland, has been used for the relief of asthmatic spells for years.

Now a new treatment, a form of insulin shock, has been developed by Dr. Z. Godlowski of Paderewski Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland. It consists of the injection of certain amounts of insulin, which cause quick convulsions.

This is a minor form of the well known treatment for mental diseases. Insulin is one of the hormones, produced within the body by the pancreas gland which is needed for using up the sugar in the blood.

Insulin injections suddenly decrease blood sugar, causing a sort of alarm throughout the body which results in the discharge of the adrenalin. So the spasms of asthma are relieved by relaxation of the nerve and muscle systems involved in breathing.

At the Boston Dispensary a 24-year-old girl was given an injection of epinephrine, for relief of asthmatic coughing and wheezing. But that made her worse. So a new treatment was tried, with excellent result.

Dr. Ethan Allan Brown, her physician, gave her intravenous injection of a mixture of 95 per cent ethyl alcohol and 5 per cent glucose in saline solution. She slept peacefully, and after the treatment had been repeated a couple of times, she was discharged from the hospital, and has remained without attacks of asthma for months.

Alcohol and glucose are used up within the body as fuel or food, while alcohol produced its relaxing effect, relieving symptoms of asthma. Dr. Brown's alcohol injection therapy is still in the experimental stage.

At present, no certain and infallible remedy for asthma or other allergic conditions has been developed. Through research on histamine and substances which counteract its effects within the body, progress is being steadily made towards more successful treatment of allergy, including asthma, from which millions of people suffer.

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"My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness"— *says famous star*

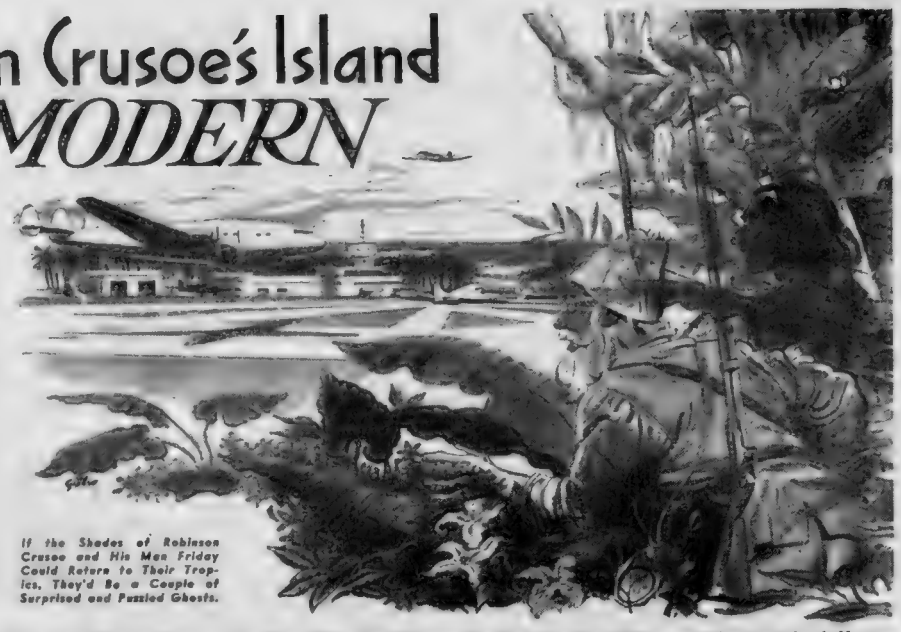
Here's the gentle Active-lather facial Esther Williams uses: Smooth Lux Toilet Soap's rich fragrant lather well into your skin. Rinse first with warm water, then splash with cold. As you pat gently with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty.

A simple, easy care, but beautiful screen stars tell you it *works*—leaves skin softer, smoother, more appealing. So don't let neglect rob you of Romance. Take Hollywood's tip. *You* can be lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap— *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

Robinson Crusoe's Island Goes *MODERN*



If the Shades of Robinson Crusoe and His Man Friday Could Return to Their Tropics, They'd Be a Couple of Surprised and Puzzled Ghosts.

IF the shades of Robinson Crusoe and his faithful Friday still roam the palm-fringed shores of Juan Fernandez Island — generally accepted as the place Daniel Defoe had in mind when he wrote his deathless tale — they'll soon be the most surprised ghosts in this or any other world.

One day, a few months from now, a terrible clanking and roaring will sound at one side of the gemlike isle, located in the South Pacific 415 miles off the South American mainland.

And bearded, goatskin-clad Crusoe and brown, bare-legged Friday, just setting out for a morning stroll with rusty fowling pieces on their shoulders, will stare at each other in wild surprise.

"The savages!" old Robinson doubtless will cry out. "Back to the stockade, Friday!"

We can picture them peering out from their camouflaged fortress home. And seeing sights never imagined by the gifted Defoe nor seen by Alexander Selkirk, Scottish sailor who was actually marooned on Juan Fernandez in 1704. It was Selkirk's experiences that inspired Defoe's great fictional narrative, most scholars agree.

The ghostly partners will soon discover that white men, not cannibals such as those from whom Crusoe rescued Friday, are the intruders. And the terrible noise will be made by bulldozers busy knocking over palms and leveling off a broad stretch of the island.

At the lush jungle's edge, huts and big steel towers will rise. Mountains of materials will be lightered in from a big freighter. Crusoe will watch in amazement—recalling the dire labors Defoe put him through to raft his fire arms, kegs of powder, food, tools, sailcloth and other necessities ashore from his wrecked ship.

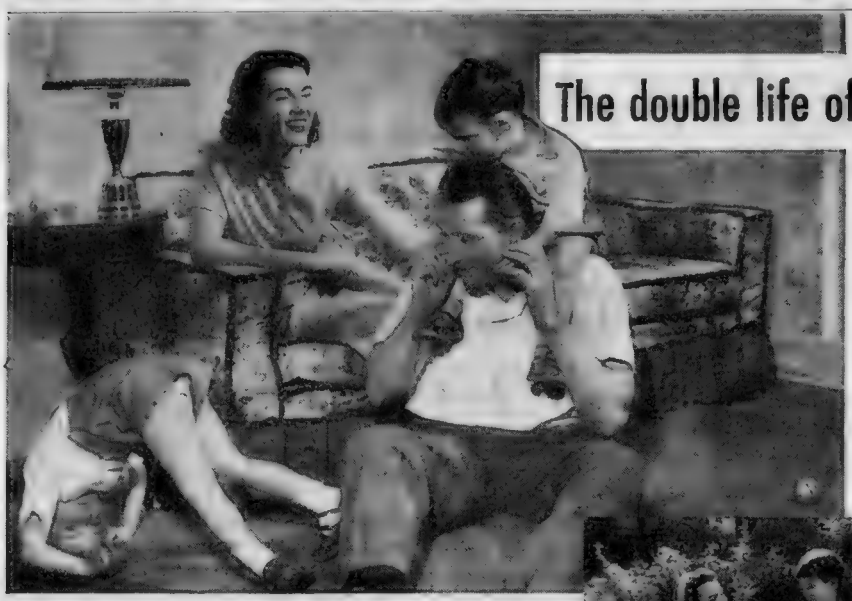
Gradually a field will be smoothed off and rolled hard, and then will come the greatest surprise of all for the poor shades of Crusoe and his man Friday.

A roaring greater than anything they've heard will fill the sky. They'll look up to see a gleaming metal bird. Around the white, new field it will circle; then, with motors throttled, it will glide in to a landing.

And thus modern life will come to Chilean-owned Juan Fernandez, now scheduled to become an air base, nearly two and a half centuries after Selkirk's day.

For the base's staff there'll be radio, radar, movies and frozen foods, and newspapers flown out from the mainland.

A far cry from the day when Robinson Crusoe wrote in his diary: "I am cast upon a horrible, desolate island; void of all hope of recovery."



The double life of a Model Mother

Park Avenue knows Connie Joannes as a star model—West Englewood knows her as a Model Mother

FEW PEOPLE who see the glamorous Powers model, Connie Joannes Dickman, would suspect that this famous Cover Girl is the mother of two robust youngsters.

But she is. A *model* mother, as husband Emerson Dickman, former pitcher for the Boston Red Sox, will tell you. And as the flashing smiles of little Bobby and Dickie indicate. For, like every successful model, Connie knows the importance of a smile. So she's taught her sons to safeguard theirs by following her own dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

As one of America's most highly-paid models, 24-year-old Mrs. Dickman makes it her business to follow the teaching of thousands of dentists and schools—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Orchids for Mommy. 4-year-old Dickie may not be able to tell orchids from weeds, but he *does* know that gums should be massaged gently. For he's watched his "model mother" speed up needed circulation within the gums with a brief workout with Ipana. A Powers Girl must safeguard her smile!

Firmer gums, brighter teeth—with Ipana and massage

IPANA

Product of Bristol-Myers

"Lights Out" comes early for active Dickie. But even he must first massage his gums gently after brushing his teeth with Ipana. Among adults, sensitive gums, "pink" on your tooth brush mean *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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America's No. 1 Weed Killer

Won't harm most common lawn grasses

$1.00 rids your lawn of ugly weeds!

$1.00 8 OZ. MAKES 8 GALLONS—Enough for Average Lawn

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SOLD BY STORES EVERYWHERE

Mary isn't merry any more

You won't have to look twice to know why. Blackheads are no date-getters. They sure get you down—and out of the inner set. Yet most times only improper cleansing is the cause. Here's how the hep folks fix the situation:

Spread on a little Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Massage vigorously. That clean-looking pink cream becomes an oily dirt-grey. It removes the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pore orifices, and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads and similar skin blemishes . . . leaving your skin glowing with life and color . . . radiantly clean.

Less than 2c a treatment

A Pompeian Massage costs less than 2c a treatment. At drug and toiletry counters everywhere.

POMPEIAN *The original pink* **MASSAGE CREAM**

Miss Denison's household articles contain many clever suggestions for keeping your home beautiful. Read her column in this issue

He Walks to Live

THE lonely figure of an aged man, trudging steadily through sheets of rain, caught the eye of a truck driver at dusk recently on a West Virginia highway.

The lonely pedestrian seemed tall and strongly built. He wore a cap and a knee-length coat, with a broad leather belt.

"Hop in, Bud," yelled the friendly driver, braking his truck. "I'll give you a lift."

"No, thanks!" the old man shouted. "I'm only 11 miles from home."

The truck rolled on to the next tavern and there, over hot coffee, the mystified driver told the story.

The Truck Driver Was Puzzled by the Man's Reply That He Was Only 11 Miles From Home and Didn't Want a Lift.

"That was old Jan Thompson," the counterman explained. "He's 77 and he walks 40 or 50 miles every day, good weather or bad. He walks to stay alive."

Incredible as it may seem, Jan—one of the most unusual patients in American medical lore—has knocked off stints like that every day for 16 years. He averages 15,000 miles per year or better, more than half the distance around the globe, and has covered more than 250,000 miles.

Hundreds speak to him daily, but he is one of the world's loneliest men. He dares not tarry more than a few minutes to chat. At a time of life when most old men cling to a seat near the chimney corner, Jan must walk—until he has tired himself down utterly.

Otherwise, sharp, stabbing pains descend from an old skull fracture, his nerves grow tense, and all the misery of a 17-year-old nightmare returns. Only walking will drive away the pain: so Jan walks to live.

His accident occurred in 1930 after Jan, a Russian-born former coal miner, had gone to work for a chemical plant in the Kanawha Valley town of Rand.

A company truck overturned and Thompson was thrown out, his head striking a concrete wall. He spent 13 months in a hospital. When he left he had a $50 monthly pension and the doctors' warning that he could never work again.

Even light toil in his own garden was forbidden. A few minutes' bending brought blinding pains. Night filled him with dread; he lay tense and sleepless until dawn.

"Jan, you must walk," a doctor finally told him. "Not just to the post office and back. Walk five miles, then ten, then more."

Day after day Jan's walk lengthened. Now he often does more than 50 miles. He leaves home after break fast, walks 18 miles east to Montgomery, then steps off 26 miles to Charleston and heads south for home.

Ironically, the more he's traveled the more his strength has increased—and the farther he has to walk to tire himself. Sometimes even a daylong hike isn't enough and he paces the front porch for hours after.

The greatest gift he can know is weariness of such depth as to ring down swiftly, and until daybreak, the blessed curtain of sleep.

Wit of the Pump Room

IN THESE days of joke-book anthologies and high-priced gag writers, it's refreshing and unusual to run across a "natural" humorist. Out in Chicago's swank Pump Room, just such a phenomenon holds forth—Host Ernie Byfield. Located, as he is, at the crossroads of show business between New York and Hollywood, Byfield's bubbling wit is tops with visiting stage and screen folk.

His racy barbs spare no one—not even himself. Referring to his reputation as a huckster of humor, he says, "They call me a wit. Actually, they're half right."

A lively and amusing profile of the famous Mr. Byfield is one of the features of next week's American Weekly. You'll enjoy the "Wit of the Pump Room."

RUTH ETTING has come back to Broadway. She's 50 years old now, but still slim and pretty. The throaty timbre of her voice has lost none of its warm, human appeal.

She has returned to the scenes of her early triumphs because she couldn't stay away. Ten years out of the limelight have been 10 years too many—for Ruth and for her fans. The story of her uneasy "exile," and her triumphant return to the spotlight, makes heart-warming reading in next week's issue.

Pard made a pard of my dog...

Deserve the top spot in his affections— Keep him well-fed and happy with Pard!

Swift's Canned Pard is back! It's nutritious . . . it's laboratory-tested

America's *most popular* prewar dog food is back in cans. Meaty-rich, satisfying, tasty Pard, chock-full of energy-building food and highest quality meat proteins . . . *now* becoming available in greater quantities at your dealers.

And with your dog's interest in mind, Pard's nutritionally correct formula is based on feeding studies conducted in Swift's Research Laboratories. Your assurance that when you feed Pard—*no additional meat is ever needed.* Ask your dealer for Pard dog food *today.*

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After a big evening "with the boys", it's a wise husband who makes himself a nightcap of the *aperient*—a refreshing, mildly laxative drink of **KRUSCHEN.**

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EASY TO TAKE—Dissolves quickly in water. Makes a refreshing saline drink.

WORKS FAST—Usually within an hour. Does not spoil your day.

GENTLE ACTION—Its formula is balanced to act gently, without unpleasant after-effects.

TIME-TESTED—Over 300,000,000 packages sold throughout the world

Ask for Kruschen today. Now in TWO FORMS: New, pleasant-tasting Effervescent Kruschen and the original Kruschen Salts. 35c to 85c at your druggist. Simple directions for best results on every package. Caution: use only as directed.

THE FLAVOR SENSATION THAT SOLD THE NATION COFFEE MADE IN THE CUP!

THE FLAVOR CAN'T BE MATCHED BECAUSE ONLY NESCAFÉ KNOWS THE SECRET

Who discovered the secret way to extract *extra* flavor from the choicest coffee? *Nescafé!*

Who found the only way to keep that flavor true and fresh until the very moment *you* release it in your cup? *Nescafé!*

This flavor secret belongs to Nescafé alone. That's why nothing else can match the flavor Nescafé gives you.

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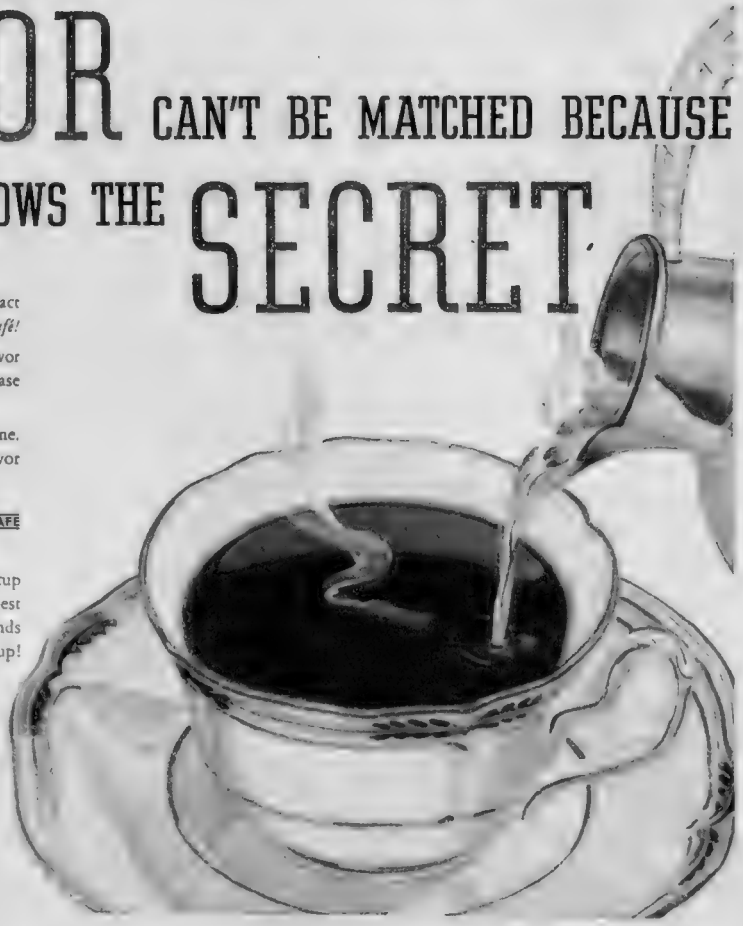
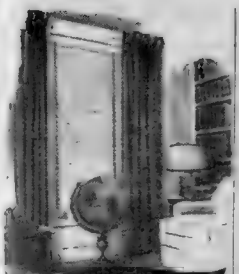
Just put a teaspoonful of Nescafé in a cup and add hot water. Instantly you get the best cup of coffee you ever tasted. No messy grounds —no waste! Nescafé costs only about 1¢ a cup!



Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is Nestlé's soluble coffee product, composed of equal parts of skillfully brewed soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose), *added solely to protect the flavor*. Nestlé's Milk Products, Inc., New York, U. S. A.



a World of Beauty

can be brought into your home so reasonably with Fincastle's New Spring fabrics now on display at your favorite store. Ask to see them for draperies, slipcovers, and a host of other home decoration uses.

Fincastle FABRICS

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You May Never Be a Schiaparelli or a Lilly Dache

Even though you may never be a great designer, it's fun to make your own fashions from The American Weekly pattern features.

Are Women Smarter?

AS if economic and world problems weren't enough, men in England are annoyed these days over the reopening of one of the world's oldest arguments, a war between the sexes over that ancient, still unanswerable question: Are women smarter than men?

Hundreds of male Britons are more than a little peeved at Dr. Bertrand Dax, London psychologist, for bringing up the matter.

Dr. Dax put into plain words much that the men think might better have been left unsaid.

"Men are simple," he wrote. "They are acquisitive, greedy, bossy, ambitious, occasionally generous, sometimes kind-hearted, and always grown-up schoolboys.

"But a woman—she becomes a woman a couple of years younger than a man becomes a man, and all at once she is mature and secretive. She is complex.

"Secretly, she thinks all men are fools (and she isn't far wrong). She knows she could run things far better than they do, but in spite of her ideas of equality she never goes about having her way in a man's way. She pulls strings, she tells fibs, she cajoles, she insinuates—and she gets things done."

Some feminists contend women will seize half of men's economic opportunities, but Dr. Dax doubts it.

Most Women, Says a London Psychologist, Are Sure They Can Run Things Better Than Their Male Bosses.

"However much she tries, woman cannot possibly win the battle," he said. "She has an everlasting handicap; it is she who bears the children."

Women owe much of their smartness and resourcefulness to this handicap, however. To them falls the job of home-making and rearing children. What they lack in strength they must make up in wits and subtle feminine strategy.

"The fact of the matter," the psychologist conceded, "is that women are the bosses. They have always been and always will be. Ask any man who is happily married."

As for intellect, the doctor's verdict is that man's is better. But he adds that woman's instincts are much sounder and "in the long run, instinct will usually beat mere intelligence."

In New York a far rasher man, Novelist Polan Banks, stepped into hot water recently by broadcasting a blast at the mentality of American women.

The ladies here, said Banks, are neurotic and frustrated, lack responsibility and want to take without giving. They lead aimless lives, are afraid of growing old physically before they grow up mentally, and often marry for meal tickets. Also, he added, they're ruled by their emotions, expect too much attention and flattery, neglect their men's egos and are spineless slaves to fashion.

Author Banks is still being bombarded with sizzling feminine replies.

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A HANDY TABLE...AT

Price $2.25

You just press it into the ground...right where you want it! Just the thing for sandwiches, cool drinks, books, cigarettes!

On the lawn, at garden and beach parties, and at picnics, the Garden Butler makes serving easier, keeps litter off the ground. This smart durable steel stem and tray with floral design is beautifully enameled, compact, easy to carry; stem unscrews from tray, lies flat in your car or trunk! Price $2.25 delivered.

Buy from your hardware or department store, or send cash, check or money order to factory for as many as you need. Please specify color—red, yellow, green or white. Address Dept. AW.

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Girls! Thrilling New COMPLEXION LOVELINESS

Starts in just 7 days!

The secret—lather-massage with Cuticura Soap twice daily. Then, to help remove BLACKHEADS, relieve externally caused PIMPLES, apply Cuticura Ointment at night. FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-171, Malden, Mass.

Cereal Story with a Happy Ending

Ah! Check-up Day! And the doctor says baby's perfect from those tiny pink toes to the top of his head. What's more—he's ready for cereals. That's where Gerber's come in.

Millions of babies start on Gerber's Cereals—thrive on them all *through* babyhood. Gerber's taste so good . . . are so finely strained . . . so easy to swallow. Pre-cooked, ready-to-serve. Easy on *mother*, too!

Just add formula or milk to the amount of cereal doctor advises. Gerber's mix to a smooth-as-cream texture with warm *or* cold formula or milk—right in baby's bowl.

ROTATE GERBER'S Strained Oatmeal, Cereal Food, Barley Cereal. All contain *added iron, calcium* and *B-complex vitamins!* FREE SAMPLES of all 3 special baby cereals! Write to Gerber's, Dept. AW5-7, Fremont, Mich.

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Thaw Lifted the Gun High in the Air by the Barrel, Strode Through the Stunned Onlookers and Handed It to the Firemen on Duty.

By Peter Levins

"I've Probably Saved Your Life"

TIME and again in later years Harry Thaw told his trusted confidant, William C. Dannenberg, that when he made Evelyn Nesbit his bride in April, 1905, he felt that he had a right to expect that he and she could now settle down to a normal, happy life together. But this was not to be.

Stanford White, the man who had deceived and enslaved Evelyn at the age of 16 years and nine months, could not bring himself to accept defeat.

He would not let the old wounds heal. He intensified his efforts to blacken Thaw's character, and to break up the marriage.

He scoffed at reports that the newlyweds were happy together. He confidently predicted that Evelyn would soon be his again.

Thanks to a campaign of what amounted to bribery—a campaign which started before he first deceived Evelyn—White had the girl's own mother on his side.

Since early 1904, after White threatened to kill his rival, the latter had carried a gun whenever he was in New York.

Meanwhile Thaw gathered evidence, through private investigators, the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and other agencies, which showed that Evelyn had been only one among many girls victimized by White and his circle of well-protected associates.

Thaw became convinced that the architect, for all his charm and genius, constituted a menace to society and belonged in jail.

Late in the spring of 1906, the couple made plans to go abroad with Mrs. Thaw Sr., but the boats were crowded at that season so Mrs. Thaw sailed ahead of them, and Harry got reservations aboard the Kaiserin Augusta for June 28th.

This was a matter that seemed inconsequential at the time—this fact that they did not sail with Mrs. Thaw but had to wait for another boat.

On Monday, the 25th, Thaw picked up his tickets at the steamship office on lower Broadway, then spent the afternoon playing bridge whist, at which he was an acknowledged expert.

After that he rejoined Evelyn at the Hotel Lorraine, where they were staying, and they dressed for dinner and the theatre.

Now occurred another seemingly unimportant matter. They had intended to dine at Sherry's with Tommy McCaleb, a friend from the West Coast, but then they encountered another acquaintance, Truxton Beale, and he joined them.

AS BEALE was not in formal attire, they decided not to dine at Sherry's; they went instead to the Cafe Martin, on Fifth near 26th st. This change in plans produced a significant incident.

The party took a table inside, avoiding the prominence of the terrace which overlooked the avenue. Thaw sat with his back to the great white and gold room through which fashionably dressed patrons made their way to the balcony.

As usual, he had eyes only for Evelyn, gowned in a white summer dinner frock and a black picture hat. Her child-like beauty always seemed

Harry Thaw STORY

most striking in the setting of a glittering restaurant.

"She is the type," a reporter was to remark, "that needs admiration and luxury, gayety, fine clothes, jewels and flowers to bring out the soul of beauty in her big melancholy eyes."

Suddenly Thaw saw her shudder.

"What is it, darling?" he asked.

She shook her head and managed a reassuring smile.

"Are you ill?"

Again she shook her head.

SOME while later during the meal, Evelyn slipped him a note. He read the words:

"The B. has been here but has gone out."

Thaw looked at her.

"Are you all right?"

She nodded.

Thaw felt the gun in his pocket, and relaxed. Their friends remained unaware of what had passed between them.

White had dined at Martin's with his son and a classmate of the boy at Harvard. Afterward he accompanied the boys to the Amsterdam Theatre, dropped them off there, then headed downtown again.

Presently, having arrived quite late, White was sitting alone at a table in the roof theatre atop the original Madison Square Garden, which he had designed and in which he still had substantial interest.

The occasion was the opening night of "Mamzelle Champagne," a musical whose cast included another young girl who had attracted his eye.

Fate saw to it that the Thaws were there, too.

Their chairs were quite far back, so they did not see White, seated near the stage.

Thaw, bored with the low-grade entertainment, visited other tables and chatted with acquaintances, none of whom noticed anything startling or even unusual about his behavior.

The show was still going on when they decided they'd seen enough and prepared to leave.

Many an eye turned as Evelyn and Beale led the way through the gayly lighted and decorated theatre toward the elevator that would carry them to the street.

Thaw, paired with McCaleb, glanced at the stage, then looked to his left to seek out any familiar faces.

At that instant he saw White near the stage.

"What was the condition of his mind," Chief Defense Attorney Delmas was to ask the jury, "when he saw the form, the hideous form of the man who had caused so much suffering to him and his wife?

"If you have been in danger, if there have ever been moments when your life was hanging on a thread, you know that men under those circumstances take life lightly, and that their minds go back over the past like forks of lightning.

"Harry Thaw saw in a panorama the whole picture of the past. He saw this man in the form of a friend and protector insidiously laying his plans to get into the confidence of the mother and daughter.

"HE SAW him paying money to the mother in order that she might absent herself from the city, so that he might perpetrate the ruin he had in mind.

"He saw him plying this child with wine, inflaming her youthful imagination with the luxury of her surroundings. He saw her losing her mind and senses under the power of the drugs.

"He saw her in the hideousness of it all.

"He saw him (White) the next morning kiss the hem of her garment. He saw her stretched out on the bed of sickness.

"He saw her in Paris, as he lifted her as a mother carries her first-born. He remembered his proposal of marriage, her refusal and the agonized accents of her story. He saw the renewal of the pledges of love and his vows that he would marry her.

"He saw this man poisoning her mind with infamous stories. Then he saw her once again rescued and restored to him again. He saw her when he led her to the altar and made her his bride. He saw the same man saying 'I'll get her back again.'

"Then his mind reeled, and the tower where reason stood enthroned tottered."

Thaw himself was to write long afterward:

"I said, 'Excuse me' to McCaleb, the others being ahead some yards.

"I saw a path from the stage to his table if I had gone directly, he would not have seen me.

"I walked to the stage and turned toward him so that he must see me coming."

Thaw fired the first shot from a distance of 12 feet, then moved closer and fired two more shots. White was struck in the left eye, mouth, and left shoulder. He died instantly.

The spectators sat rooted in their chairs. Many wondered whether this noisy interruption might be part of the show.

Then, as realization dawned, Thaw, in a panic-quelling gesture, lifted the gun high in the air by the barrel, strode back through the slack-jawed on-lookers, and handed his weapon to a fireman on duty in the theatre. Then he went to Evelyn.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw—She Slipped Her Husband a Note at Dinner.

"My God, Harry, what have you done?" she gasped.

"It's all right, dearie," he told her. "I've probably saved your life."

* * *

The spectacular shooting of the nation's most noted architect, in a setting that might have been dreamed up by a later-day scenarist, amounted to a bomb-burst of paralyzing concussion.

It seemed to give various individuals shell-shock and make them act queer.

Almost before the accused man could don a change of clothes in Tombs prison, Thaw relatives and lawyers—whose specialty was not criminal law—decided that he "must have been crazy," and agreed among themselves that he should be hustled into an institution, and the less fuss and publicity the better.

His own reaction to this was one of dismay which later developed into furious resentment, since he wanted the whole story aired in court, and the case tried strictly on its merits as a justifiable homicide.

In New York, the event threw White's intimates into a state of extreme, almost pathological, panic.

Immediately, as one man, like an army overwhelmed, they abandoned their general and went into full retreat. As one man, they scurried away from this Thing as from a plague.

They locked their doors, buried their heads under the bedclothes, and spoke not a word for their leader.

The evil that men do lives after them:
The good is oft interred with their bones.

The Whole Picture of the Past Flashed Across Harry Thaw's Mind When He Saw Stanford White in the Old Madison Square Garden Rooftop Theatre—"Then His Mind Reeled and the Tower Where Reason Stood Enthroned Tottered"

But there was no Antony to speak for this Caesar. If ever a man's associates convicted him of the accusations raised against him, Stanford White's friends convicted him by their silence.

SAYING nothing, these muted pals in effect echoed the words of a Broadway cabman who was quoted in the Tribune as saying:

"I knew that fellow would be killed sooner or later, but I thought it would be a father who would do it; not a husband."

Only one friend, Charles McKim, a partner in White's firm, followed the body to the grave.

That same day, Thursday, the 28th, a New York World headline read:

MEN IN WHITE'S SET SHIVER AND KEEP QUIET

The World reported:

"No longer than last winter he went to Field's Theatre one night and became interested in a chorus girl of startling beauty who was appearing in 'It Happened in Nordland.'

"An introduction followed, but two days later White discovered that the girl had a father and his attentions ceased.

"Not three weeks later her father died; Stanford became more attentive than ever. He sent the young woman quantities of rare flowers and gave her jewels and expensive trinkets and in the end won her."

Thaw himself was to write that within a week the forces of suppression began to function very effectively, that newspapers generally turned against him, and that in New York only the American and Evening Journal—the papers of William Randolph Hearst—refused to be influenced.

"They," he declared, "could not be cheated."

On Friday, the 29th, Arthur Brisbane's editorial in the Evening Journal declared:

"If the charges brought against the murdered man are true, they can be brought against the others—his companions.

"THIS TRIAL FOR MURDER SHOULD EXPOSE THEM, IF THEY ARE GUILTY.

"It should acquit the memory of Stanford White and cleanse the now smirched characters of his intimate associates, if the charges brought are untrue.

"History tells us whither brutal, unrestrained wealth and self-indulgence lead a country and its people.

"We know the work of unearned, unthinking and remorseless financial power from history's beginning up to the day when the French Revolution punished in France a thousand Stanford Whites, beginning with a criminal king and a vicious, degraded queen.

"But it had not been thought that in America great wealth had yet turned its rotting forces in this direction.

"IT IS to be hoped that the murder trial of this unfortunate, taunted, maddened, outraged young man, desperately seeking to vindicate the woman to whom he had given his name, will show that there has been exaggeration in the accounts of Stanford White's life.

"It is to be hoped that there will be no confirmation of the suspicions and open charges that come from the society for protecting children, from the society for the suppression of vice, from baffled policemen and others.

"BUT, WHATEVER THE TRUTH IS, IT MUST BE KNOWN."

The truth was that the plan to move Harry Thaw to an asylum was already in motion.

Next week "There Can Be No Punishment."

Florida's 3 Luscious Juices

that have changed the Breakfast Habits of the Nation!

Here's the Helping Hand you get when you *just open the can and pour!*

1. **REFRESHING DELICIOUSNESS.** Florida has found the way to capture the luscious sweetness and flavor of orange and grapefruit juice freshly squeezed from plump, tree-ripened fruit at the peak of its deliciousness. Taste the quality of Florida fruit juices TODAY!

2. **THE VIGOROUS HELP OF NATURAL VITAMIN C.** These juices are veritable gold mines of the vitamin C needed daily to help fight colds and fatigue—and to help restore vigor from head to foot.

3. **ECONOMY.** Because these healthful juices are such money savers, enthusiastic families everywhere are enjoying good big glassfuls every day of the week . . . at breakfast, between meals, and at any time they want a refreshing, thirst-quenching drink.

4. **TIME AND LABOR-SAVING.** All the squeezing has been done. You just open the can and pour. No wonder these healthful fruit juices have become the daily stand-by in millions of homes! To combine health, pleasure, convenience, and economy is 100% good sense!

FOR VARIETY—A Different Juice Each Day! Order a supply of FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE, FLORIDA ORANGE JUICE, and FLORIDA BLENDED JUICE (Orange and Grapefruit Juices deliciously combined).

And here's a sweet surprise. ***FLORIDA TANGERINE JUICE*** *is now on sale. Try it. It's delicious!*

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION
Lakeland, Florida

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FLORIDA FRUIT JUICES

Killing Bugs with Germs

THE day may be near when scientists will be spreading diseases among harmful insects in a gigantic campaign of biological warfare without endangering desirable insects, plants, animals or humans.

The goal of wiping out all insect pests through epidemics is still far off, but scientists at the University of California have made a good start in this direction. Under the inspiration of Prof. Edward

Scientists Are Making Plans for All-Out Biological Warfare in Which Epidemics of Disease Will Be Spread Among Our Hungry and Destructive Insect Enemies.

A. Steinhaus, a powerful research program has been launched by the new Department of Insect Studies.

A specially outfitted laboratory to be known as Insect House is to be built soon on the campus. Insects of every type from all over the world will be welcomed as luxurious guests on the house.

HERE, the insect scientists will study the physiology, anatomy, daily feeding and sleeping habits, and biology of the insects in the minutest detail.

Science already knows that insects are subject to infectious diseases, very much like human beings. Insect enemies include protozoa, microscopic animalculae; bacteria, like the organisms which cause pneumonia in man; fungi, akin to those which cause athlete's foot, and virus, the half-living, half-dead particle that gives such dread diseases as infantile paralysis and yellow fever to human beings.

The scientists hope to make the disease war a kind of commando campaign. It will be so specific that only certain disease-carriers will attack certain insects. In this way, beneficial insects like bees and silkworms will be spared.

Over 100 species of insect-deadly germs are already known to entomologists. No doubt, research at Insect House will uncover many more.

UNFORTUNATELY, however, scientists in the past have had only initial success in disease control of insects. After the first few encouraging epidemics, the insects again thrived.

Early in this century, a Mexican entomologist by the name of d'Herelle was able to bring locusts under control with a bacillus disease. He was so successful that, in 1912, after previous years of great destructiveness, no locust hordes at all invaded Mexico.

But subsequent attempts to duplicate d'Herelle's success failed. Professor Steinhaus thinks that the failure of later workers was due either to their inability to isolate the exact bacterium that had proved fatal or to a change in the type of locust being attacked.

The new University of California program hopes to eliminate this type of failure caused by a hit-and-miss method. The San Francisco scientists are adopting a precision scientific approach that will find exactly what causes what disease to what insect, and when.

To obtain this information, Dr. Steinhaus has suggested the systematic biological study of insects as thorough as that of man. Such research on insects sometimes takes strange forms. Recently, for example, investigators at the Connecticut Agricultural Experimental Station performed a miniature surgical operation on a mosquito. They succeeded in transplanting the kidneys of an adult Yellow Fever mosquito to a pupa, an embryonic form of the mosquito.

Experiments of this kind provide information as to the most susceptible stage in the life of an insect to disease.

AN indication of the effectiveness of germ warfare on insects is the extinction in Northeastern United States that will soon come to the Japanese Beetle, that alien terror of all plant life. The beetle-killer is known as "Milky Disease," an epidemic which is caused by bacteria.

DDT and other chemical agents often wipe out good and bad insects indiscriminately. Also, unless used with extreme caution, they may sometimes be dangerous to bird and animal life. Germ onslaught has the great advantage over all of these of being harmful only to specific insects.

In addition, it is hoped that research in insect diseases will yield valuable information in saving such delicate, enormously valuable insects as bees and silkworms from epidemics. Pebrine, for example, a deadly silkworm ailment, may be brought under control.

SWEET AND LOW! THE NEW, REVEALING NECKLINES

Call for a lovely
SWEETHEART SOAP Complexion

This smart play dress—with its off-the-shoulder neckline and frankly flirtatious ruffle of eyelet embroidery—invites admiring glances to your exquisite SweetHeart complexion!

So discover the Floating Lift of
SWEETHEART'S Extra Lather

● Obey fashion's demand for lovelier skin! Today, begin SweetHeart Soap's amazing, new 1-2-3 *Extra Lather* Beauty Care.

Take advantage of its wonderful beauty help. For pure, mild SweetHeart gives up to *twice as much* lather as average beauty soaps. And this heavenly soft, rich lather has a gentle *floating lift*. Pictures taken through the microscope *prove* it

Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings . . . *lift off—float away*—dirt and rough skin flakes to reveal natural smoothness, natural radiance.

DISCOVER SWEETHEART'S 1-2-3 *Extra Lather* BEAUTY CARE! Night and morning, massage your face for one minute with SweetHeart's *extra lather*. Rinse with warm, then cold water. Your skin is *cleansed . . . stimulated . . .* looks more *radiant!*

● For tub and shower, you can now also get the new, large bath size. SweetHeart's *extra lather* with its *floating lift* is marvelous for refreshing, luxurious baths.

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

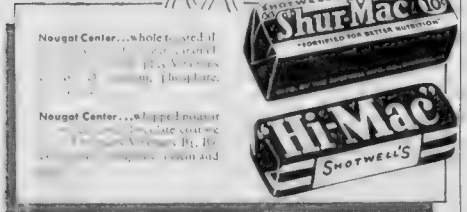
When you eat Candy...

Go Ahead!
ENJOY YOURSELF

CONTAINS VITAMINS AND MINERALS FOR BETTER DIET-BALANCE

You get better balanced nutrition from Almond Big Yank than from the average meal you eat! This bar contains added vitamins and minerals you need. When you crave a sweet, this is candy you can eat . . . and still eat right. You see, when you bite into a delicious Almond Big Yank, you get Vitamins B_1 and B_2 to help you assimilate sugar and get more energy values from it . . . niacin and iron for better dietary balance . . . and calcium, phosphate and Vitamin D for minerals that most of us don't get enough of in our daily meals. Yes, for candy that's well-balanced . . . *as food* . . . ask for foil-wrapped Almond Big Yank at your favorite candy counter . . . today!

Almond Big Yank . . .



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Nougat Center . . . whipped nougat . . .

Beauty . . . hair—beautiful skin—beautiful figure! We know yourself that way. Reprints of The American Weekly articles which tell you how to help keep your beauty are available. See the box in this issue that tells you how to get them.

Letters to the Editor

Dietician's Delight

Petoskey, Mich.

I'm a dietician in a small hospital. I arrange the trays and fix up diets for the patients.

So you can see why I'm so much interested in Amy Alden's diets and menus. I never let a Sunday go by without reading them. Let's have more of them. They're wonderful!

Gracie Francis

Percy Rides Again

Hamtramck, Mich.

I wish to express my thanks and appreciation for the photograph you sent us of your recent illustration, "Percy Rides Again."

The emblem of the Lancer will serve our purpose perfectly. It is the kind of inspiration our team needed for a successful basketball season.

Charlotte Gerwatowski
Athletic Secretary
St. Florian H. S.

Artistic Error

Venice, Calif.

In reference to your recent drawing showing Benedict Arnold seeking refuge aboard the British sloop-of-war Vulture, may I point out with due respect to your artist's ability:

A sloop-of-war had only one open-gun deck, and never mounted more than 20 guns. The vessel pictured appears to be a 74-gun ship of the line, the equivalent of our modern battleship. It would hardly have been used for the transportation of even so important a personage as Major Andre.

Donnell Kelly

Grand Boy

Buffalo, N. Y.

I found your recent article, "Joe's No Sissy," both interesting and helpful. There is a grand boy in my teen-age cousin's gang, but the fellows do not seem to associate with him. They say he is a sissy.

I gave the lads this story of yours, and told them to read it. It sure changed their minds, and made a certain young man very happy.

Dorothy Carrig

One of the Best

Smyrna, Del.

I think your recent Album of Mysteries story, "Woman of Stone," was one of the best that has ever been printed...It held my attention from start to finish. Please publish more like it.

Lenny Pleasanton

Rhodes Scholar

North Miami, Fla.

As a South African, I'd like to point out some inaccuracies in your recent article on Cecil Rhodes and the Cullinan Diamond...Rhodes did not die at Groote Schuur, but in his seaside cottage at St. James, some 15 miles from Capetown... and Groote Schuur is not a "mountain eyrie"—it lies at the foot of a mountain.

P. Chlofolo

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

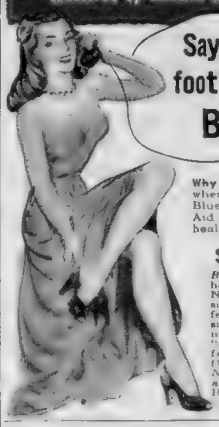
"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away quickly and completely!
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant and lustrous!
- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!

FOOT HEALTH WEEK MAY 24-31
Sponsored by National Association of Chiropodists



Say good-bye to your foot problems the easy BLUE-JAY way!

Why suffer from common foot ailments when it's so easy to get welcome relief the Blue-Jay way? Just pick the Blue-Jay Foot Aid that fits *your* need—and have happier, healthier feet!

Stop CORN Pain!

Blue Jay Corn Plasters have ex lusive anesthetic Nupercaine* that curbs surface pain. Soft Duofelt pad *instantly* stops acute pressure pain. Gentle medication loosens hard "core"—just...lift out in a few days. Streamlined, flesh-colored, non-slip. *Now in Extra, Standard and Little Toe Sizes.* Also Blue Jay Soft Corn Pads.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Relieve, Remove CALLUSES! Blue-Jay Callus Plasters relieve painful pressure while medication helps remove callus

Soothe TIRED FEET! Blue-Jay Foot Powder reduces perspiration and odor for a refreshing and cooling

Protect from BUNIONS! Blue-Jay Protect-O-Pads for Bunions are soft, cushioning, reduce pressure and friction.

End SHOE TORTURE! Blue-Jay Cushion Mole skin can be cut to fit over tender spots where shoe rubs. Extra-soft, adhesive, flesh-colored.

NEW!
BLUE-JAY All-Elastic ARCH LIFT
100% more effective than ordinary bands. Comfortable—easy to put on—not bulky. Gives greater relief from arch strain and fatigue.

For more serious foot ailments, see your chiropodist

BAUER & BLACK
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BLUE JAY

Picture Yourself

ironing this easier, faster, better way with

STEAM-O-MATIC

NO MORE PRESS CLOTH No peeking under damp cloth to straighten wrinkles in suits, skirts, woolens. All such messy business is out-dated as the horse and buggy!

NO MORE PRESSING BILLS Your steam pressing is like the tailor's—but without the expense! Steam-O-Matic pays for itself—and clothes look so much snappier.

NO MORE IRON "DRAG" No tiring pressure. You'll be amazed how lightly Steam-O-Matic literally rides on steam. And so-o-o light to handle—weighs only 4½ pounds.

NO MORE SCORCHING No sticking, melting. You get and keep the right balance of heat and steam when you dial your fabric. Toe vents direct steam exactly right.

NO MORE SPRINKLING No rolling things up. No dried-out or mildewed clothes. You can iron piece-meal—when the spirit moves—or soon as wash is off the line.

NO TROUBLE TO FILL Cap location makes it easy. No complicated gadgets—steam and heat regulated by one control. Mechanical perfection proved over a ten-year period.

ABSOLUTELY ACCURATE HEAT CONTROL
Dial controls heat and steam needed for each fabric. Sets at fast, medium, slow *to suit ironing speed.*

MOLDED-TO-FIT HANDLE
Easy to grasp, comfortable to hold with right or left hand.

BEVELED EDGE
Slips between and under buttons . . . another Steam-O-Matic feature that saves time and trouble.

OVER A MILLION WOMEN wonder how they ever managed without their Steam-O-Matics.* With water, Steam-O-Matic is a steam iron—without water it's a wonderful *dry* iron. Gives you *two* wonderful irons in one! Has most accurate heat control ever devised for an electric iron. Get the FIRST and FINEST—*the iron that revolutionizes ironing.* Ask for Steam-O-Matic by name—wherever good electrical appliances are sold. Refuse substitutes. Made by Waverly Products, Inc. Executive Offices: Bridgeport, Conn. Factories: Sandusky, Ohio; Bridgeport, Conn.

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THE ORIGINAL FULLY AUTOMATIC STEAM IRON

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Man WITH AN Idea

"His dreams won radio POWER, TONE and VALUE. He COMPACT instruments . . . he gave that achievement to America."

Today's BETTER Style, Tone, Performance and Value of Emerson Radio took more than a quarter century in the making. The engineering genius—the scientific construction of superior materials which go into every model represent standards established by the founder.

Today as the World's Largest Maker of Small Radio—serving millions of gratified owners—he points with pride to

THE NEW 1947

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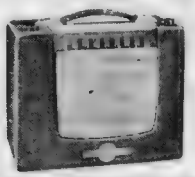
Emerson Pocket Radio Model 508. Highly powered no outside wires or antenna. Light weight fits easily in pocket. Tenite case with metal trim. Leather carrying handle—a wonder of reception and tone. *Less batteries* $34.95



Emerson 3-Way Portable Model 536. (AC-DC and battery operation.) Ideal traveling companion—triple powered for perfect reception and tone. Handsome cabinet. *Less batteries* $39.95

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World's Largest Maker of Small Radio

Teen-Age Tempest

By URSULA TROW

WOULD a curfew solve the nation's juvenile delinquency problem? Citizens of Lambeth, New Jersey, believe so. They have a 9:30 p. m. curfew for youngsters up to 16 years of age, and penalties for the parents of offenders.

"That's putting the responsibility where it belongs," says Elizabeth's Police Chief Frank Brennan. "In the laps of the grown-ups. Makes them realize they themselves can't go to bars and parties and leave their youngsters on their own. To keep the kids at home, their parents have to be there, too."

One New Jersey Town Puts the Responsibility on Parents If Their Youngsters Are Found on the Streets After 9:30 at Night.

The reason parents now stay home is that the fines become increasingly expensive. First offense gets only a reprimand, perhaps. Second offense, and Papa pays five dollars. Third offense—it's never come to this in Elizabeth—may require a $15 or $25 fine.

In enforcing this law Chief Brennan and his men are doing their best to work in cooperation with the schools, churches and the recreation commission. If the Boy Scout meeting, for instance, lasts after 9:30 police officers will give boys in uniform a reasonable length of time to get home. Or if the church has a social gathering, a note from the priest or minister will serve as a pass.

House parties are not made impossible either, as long as parents bring and call for their offspring. The point is—not to let youngsters roam the streets unchaperoned.

Not only the parents, but all the townspeople, are expected to cooperate with Elizabeth's efforts to keep teen-agers home. The owner of a dance hall is prosecuted if he permits children under 18 on his premises.

It is considered a misdemeanor for the manager of a theatre to admit a child under 14 at any time unaccompanied by an adult. And minors under 18 are not allowed in poolrooms without parent or guardian.

Even cigarettes are not permitted to be sold to teen-agers under 18. Up to 16 years of age youngsters are not allowed to have jobs while school is in session.

Perhaps you're wondering what happened in Elizabeth to make officials so strict with teen-agers.

Chief Brennan says merely that the curfew ordinance went into effect at the beginning of the war as a preventive measure. As a result, this industrial New Jersey city not far from New York has been plagued very little with youthful misbehavior.

Naturally, there are offenders, but only about three a month, which Chief Brennan calls a record the town can be proud of.

Teen-agers over the country, with fewer restrictions on their freedom, will undoubtedly wonder how Elizabeth's teen-agers bear up under it all. Surprisingly enough, most of those questioned expressed the belief that more discipline was needed in the home.

Perhaps a curfew would help your town or city wipe out juvenile crime. Would you be in favor of it? Get your letters in to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, New York.

Parents or Pals?

MANY parents pride themselves on being considered their youngsters' buddies. They make a point of staying young in mind and body—all of which is to the good, if not overdone.

Youngsters want pals, but they also want parents. They want someone they can respect and model themselves after. Not the kind that, according to Patty Wheeler, of Galena, Ill., "try to act 20 when they're 40. There's nothing so ridiculous as a woman wearing a sweater or blue jeans, when her more mature figure has long ago outgrown such kid stuff.

"The same goes for hair styles. There's nothing worse looking than a long, flowing bob on a fortyish woman, who should have a neat coif. And if she's a big, hefty blonde who talks baby talk—ugh!"

What's this—the pot calling the kettle black? Up to now, it's been the teen-agers who've been criticized. But maybe Miss Wheeler has a tip that some of her elders might be smart to take.

BORDERLINE ANEMIA

can rob you of energy and ambition!

Thousands who are pale and tired may find renewed energy—restore healthy good looks —with Ironized Yeast Tablets

WE all know men and women whose stamina and spirits seem always under par—who lack enthusiasm and drive—look like failures. Often, such effects come from a blood condition. If you have them, you may have a Borderline Anemia—due to a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

Your red blood cells may be too faded and weak to transmit full energy to your body, leaving you pale and pepless.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—have this Borderline Anemia and the listless manner that goes with it. Take Ironized Yeast Tablets if you're pale and tired and weary because of this blood deficiency. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells.

Of course, continuing tiredness and pallor may come from other conditions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high"—to help restore your natural color! Take them so you really can enjoy life again! Ask your druggist for the big, new economy size of Ironized Yeast Tablets.

**Resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.*

BORDERLINE ANEMIA
why it can make you Tired, Pale, Listless

Energy-Building Blood. A microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, tissue.

Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS

No soap flakes ever won so many friends so fast!

In city after city, Chiffon became a leader almost overnight!

No purer soap was ever made

A Product of Armour and Company

1. PURE SOAP is safer with colors—quicker with dishes—kinder to hands!

2. Chiffon Soap Flakes are *all* pure soap! No purer soap was ever made.

3. So, you're sure to like Chiffon much better—for silks, nylons, woolens, and for dishes. *And your hands stay soft and lovely!*

That real barbecue flavor really gets a man!

Manfolk come a-running . . . when you baste frankfurters with Derby Barbecue Sauce or stir a spoonful through a meat loaf. Its "bitey" goodness makes ordinary foods taste new and exciting. Send for new Barbecue Recipe Book, full of ideas for indoor and outdoor barbecues.

FREE! Send for a free book of barbecue recipes and suggestions for indoor and outdoor barbecues.

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Worcestershire Sauce . . . Chop Suey Sauce
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Preserves and Jellies
SPICED PLUM with Lemon
Delicious preserves made from Oregon's sweetest fruit, gently spiced, then simmered with twists of lemon peel. Each taste says, "More, more!"
FREE RECIPES
Send for colorful booklet with recipes for desserts, teatime goodies and icings
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Help Youngsters GROW STRONG VIGOROUS HUSKY! with

HIGH ENERGY TONIC

Good-tasting Scott's Emulsion contains *natural* A&D Vitamins often needed to help build stamina and resistance to colds and minor ills. Helps build strong bones and sound teeth, too! Give good-tasting Scott's daily, the year-round!

Recommended by Many Doctors

THE SCOTT'S EMULSION YEAR ROUND TONIC

Household Almanac

Amy Alden

YOU'LL say, "Why didn't somebody tell me about this before," when you try these menus. They really are time, work and fuel savers, and so delicious. The main dish, vegetable and sometimes the dessert all can be baked in the same oven. You will find these a happy choice any day.

Above, Apple Pie. See Recipe in Oven Meal II on This Page.

Delicious Oven Dinners

HERE are four oven dinners for you to choose from. Let your alarm clock tell you when to put them into the oven, and when to take out the finished dinner.

OVEN MEAL I

Start baking Smoked Shoulder Butt With Apple Slices, while you prepare Scalloped Potatoes and carrots. After meat has baked 30 min., put potatoes and carrots in. Fifteen min. later, uncover potatoes, and pour scalded milk over them; baste meat. Bake 30 min. longer.

Baked Smoked Shoulder Butt

1 cup orange juice
1 smoked shoulder butt (2 lbs.)
3 red apples
2 tbsps. brown sugar, firmly packed

Cut shoulder butt into ¾" slices. Next, slice apples in ½" rings; remove seeds. Arrange meat and apple slices alternately in two rows in baking dish. Pour orange juice over all. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Bake in moderate oven, 375 deg. F., 1¼ hrs. Serves 4.

Scalloped Potatoes

4 pared medium potatoes, thinly sliced
1 onion, thinly sliced
¼ cup flour
1¾ tsps. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 cups scalded milk
2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine

Arrange layer of potatoes in bottom of 2-qt. casserole. Cover with some onion slices; sprinkle some of combined flour, salt and pepper over all. Repeat layers until all are used, with flour on top. Cover; bake in moderately hot oven of 375° F. 15 min. Pour milk and butter over potatoes, sprinkle with paprika. Bake, uncovered, 30 min. longer. Serves 4.

Celeried Carrots

1 lb. medium carrots
1½ tsps. salt
½ tsp. celery seeds
1 cup hot water
1 tbsp. butter or fortified margarine

Scrape carrots and cut in half lengthwise. Arrange in 1½-qt. covered casserole. Combine rest of ingredients; pour over carrots. Cover; bake tender in moderately hot oven of 375° F. 45 min. Makes 4 servings

OVEN MEAL II

Prepare the Beets and Onions; start baking them in a 375 deg. F. oven while you prepare the mackerel dish and pie. After the beets have baked 35 min., put mackerel and the pie into the same oven and continue baking 35 min.

Baked Beets and Onions

2 cups pared, diced raw beets
2 cups chopped onions
1½ tsps. salt
¼ cup boiling water
2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine

Combine beets and onions in 1½-qt. casserole. Add remaining ingredients. Cover, and bake in moderately hot oven of 375 deg. F. for 1 hr. 10 min. Serves 4.

Baked Mackerel With Tarragon

2 1-to-1½-lb. mackerel
2 tsp. salt
Speck pepper
1 tsp. dried tarragon
½ cup top milk
1 tbsp. minced parsley

Sprinkle inside of mackerel with 1 tsp. of the salt, pepper, and tarragon. Place fish in baking dish. Pour milk over; sprinkle with salt and parsley. Bake in moderately hot oven of 375 deg. F. for 35 min., or until fish is flaky. Serves 4.

Apple Pie

Easy Pastry for 9" pie.
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
1 tbsp. flour
¼ tsp. cinnamon
4 cups sliced apples

Combine sugar, butter, flour, and cinnamon. Blend with fork. Set aside; spread bottom pastry. Slice apples; measure; then place in pie plate. Sprinkle sugar mixture evenly over top of apples; over all place top crust. Bake in moderately hot oven of 375 deg. F. for 30 to 35 minutes. Serve with ice cream. Serves 4.

OVEN MEAL III

After browning chicken, start baking. Meanwhile, cut French bread diagonally at 1" intervals, almost all the way through loaf; spread with butter or fortified margarine to which a little dried thyme has been added. After chicken bakes 30 min., put into same oven the rice, and the bread, and bake all 30 min. longer.

Maryland Oven Chicken

⅓ cup flour
2 tsps. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 3½-lb. frying chicken
1 egg
¼ cup milk
1 cup sifted dried bread crumbs
½ cup fat or salad oil

Blend flour, salt, and pepper. Turn each piece of chicken in this mixture. Beat egg; add milk. Dip chicken into egg mixture; then roll in crumbs. Brown in hot fat in dutch oven; cover; bake in oven of 350 deg. F. 1 hr., or until tender. If necessary, add hot water in 2 tbsp. portions. When done, arrange on warm platter; gravy as follows: Remove crumbs from bottom of dutch oven. Then stir 2 tbsps. flour into fat. Slowly stir in 1½ cups milk and cook over low heat, stirring, until smooth and thickened. Season. Pour over chicken. Serves 4.

Baked Rice

¾ cup raw white rice
2 tsps. salt
2 tbsps. minced onion
2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
2 cups boiling water

Wash rice under running cold water. Drain well. In covered 1½ qt. casserole, combine rice and remaining ingredients. Cover, and bake in oven of 350 deg. F. for 30 min. Serves 4.

OVEN MEAL IV

Prepare Cheese Pudding. Put lima beans in covered 1½-qt. casserole. Start baking both in 325 deg. F. oven. Thirty min. later, put in Spiced Cherries. Bake all 30 min. longer.

Baked Cheese Pudding

6 slices bread ¾" thick
½ lb. cheese, sliced thin
3 eggs, beaten
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. paprika
¼ tsp. dry mustard
2½ cups milk

Cut bread into 1½" squares. Arrange layer of bread in bottom of greased 1½-qt. casserole; top with layer of cheese slices. Repeat layers, ending with cheese on top. Beat eggs foamy. Add rest of ingredients; then pour over cheese. Bake in oven of 325 deg. F. for 1 hr. Serves 4.

Baked Lima Beans

1 12-oz. pkg. quick-frozen lima beans
¾ cup light cream
¼ cup minced onion
1½ tsps. salt
Speck pepper

Place lima beans in 1½-qt. casserole. Add remaining ingredients. Cover, and bake in oven of 325 deg. F. for 1 hr. Serves 4.

Baked Spiced Cherries

1 can black cherries
4 thin slices lemon
1 3" stick cinnamon

Combine cherries and their juice with lemon slices and cinnamon, in uncovered dish. Bake in oven of 325 deg. F. 30 min. Serves 4.

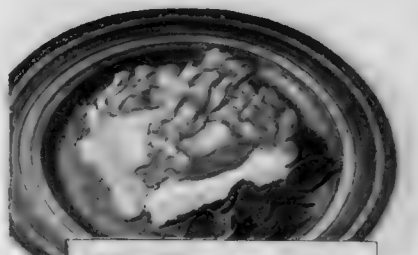
Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC

(60) Gayelord Hauser Diet
(61) Famous Recipes
(62) New England Recipes
(63) Candy Recipes
(64) Quick Hot Breads
(65) Pancakes and Roll-Ups
(66) Oyster Recipes
(67) Waffles Tonight
(69) Eggs for Every Meal
(69) Let's Eat Fish
(70) Casserole Recipes
(71) Quickly Prepared Meals
(72) Good Curry Dishes
(73) Favorite Mexican Recipes
(74) Foreign Recipes
(75) Almanac Bread & Rolls
(76) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts
(77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
(78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
(79) New Cakes
(80) Desserts and Sweets
(81) Favorite Pie Recipes
(82) Pies and Pastries
(83) Favorite Soup Recipes
(84) Meat for Family Meals
(85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
(86) Delicious Vegetables
(87) New Vegetable Recipes
(88) Almanac Potato Recipes
(89) Popular Salad Recipes
(90) Salads and Dressings
(91) Almanac Cookies
(92) New Cookies



FOR EACH SANDWICH toast a slice of bread (crust-trimmed) on one side. Spread untoasted side with Kraft Mayonnaise, cover with a slice of peeled tomato, then a slice of Kraft American. Top with two strips of partially broiled bacon. Place sandwiches under low broiler heat or in a moderate oven, 150° until cheese is melted and bacon is crisp. It's de-lovely!

HANKER NO MORE

Kraft American is here again!

. . . AND PLENTIFUL

Now, when you shop for mellow, golden cheese, *you can be sure of what you're getting!*

Kraft American with the famous medium-mellow cheddar flavor and *dependable* cooking quality is back in food stores—*plentiful!*

At last you can say: "Good-by substitutes!" Just take the half-pound package or two-pound loaf *marked* Kraft American. And *ask to see* that famous name on the wrapper when you buy a cut or sandwich-size slices from a five-pound loaf.

More good news is that genuine *sharp*-flavored Old English is back, too. And there's *now plenty* of the famous cheese food, Velveeta, with the rich yet *mild* cheddar flavor so many people love. Always look for the cheddar varieties made by Kraft and get real *quality* every time.

KRAFT FOODS COMPANY

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THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY KRAFT

Who'd use an hour-glass to tell time? A watch is the modern way, and...

Laundering with Clorox is the Modern Way!

For Clorox bleaches EXTRA-GENTLY! Linens look better, last longer and they're SANITARY, too!

WHEN you use Clorox you can be proud of your laundry, for it bleaches white cottons and linens snowy-white, makes color-fast cottons and linens showy-bright...fresh and sanitary, too! And Clorox reduces rubbing...conserving fabrics. Your good judgment in choosing Clorox is further justified ...for Clorox is extra-gentle, free from caustic... made by an exclusive patented process. In routine kitchen and bathroom cleansing, Clorox disinfects, deodorizes, removes stains. Directions on the label.

CLOROX America's Favorite Bleach and Household Disinfectant

FIRST in Quality...in Performance...in Preference!

Let BOON Household Cleaner save you time and work. It wipes away dirt and grease from washable surfaces quickly, easily. It's safe on paint and hands. Made by the makers of Clorox.

Reeves ARMY TWILL MADE TO GOVERNMENT SPECIFICATIONS SANFORIZED

REEVES ARMY TWILL fills the bill for extra fabric quality. Made from choice cotton, it resists wearing and tearing. Sanforized* against shrinkage and with vat dyed colors fast to sun, water and perspiration, it stays better looking longer. For uniforms, utility and work clothes demand Reeves Army Twill.

*Residual shrinkage less than 1%

Reeves

REEVES BROTHERS, INC.
54 Worth Street, New York 13, N.Y.

It's about time this was done for women!

Sanitary protection by Tampax method discards external pads, belts. Leaves you free!

Women may well think that Tampax was invented none too soon. It is an amazing improvement over the external-pad type of monthly sanitary protection. Briefly, it is an internal absorbent which is actually invisible and *unfelt* when in place....You're free from belts, pins, pads. You're free from odor and chafing. You're free from bulges and edge-lines under your dresses. So you see this dainty Tampax certainly gets rid of many of your troubles on "those days"....Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in applicators for easy insertion. Changing quick; disposal easy. No need to remove for tub or shower and simply ideal while swimming. Sold at drug and notion counters. Slip month's supply into purse. Or get 4 months' supply (average) in economy box. Three different absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Make That Household Task Easier

Reprints of helpful household articles which have appeared in The American Weekly are available. Look for the box in this issue that tells you how to get them.

The Epicure

THE HERBS HAVE IT

By BEATRICE KAY

SOME of my most pleasant leisure hours are spent in the kitchen. There I can experiment to my heart's content with the unusual in food. Whenever I talk of food, I fear my mind runs on one track—that of the use of herbs to add something new and different to commonplace dishes. Herbs are a forgotten art—there is something written on them from time to time, but most housewives feel wary of trying them out. They certainly don't know the difference a quarter teaspoon of delightful herbs will make. Incidentally, that's the first rule—use a quarter teaspoon to each serving for four.

I raise my own herbs because I use them so much. But they are available in most grocery stores. In the summertime, my favorites are dill and leeks. Just add a pinch of dill to chicken soup or tomato juice and you've added a mountain of flavor. Mix some dill in your cottage cheese and put the dish in the refrigerator for several hours.

Substitute leeks for onions. In simple salads where you usually chopped up an onion to add zest, try leeks and taste the improvement. Leeks are simple to raise. Just buy a bunch from your grocer, plant them in a pot, nourish them with lots of water, expose them to the sun, and your seasoning will be readily available.

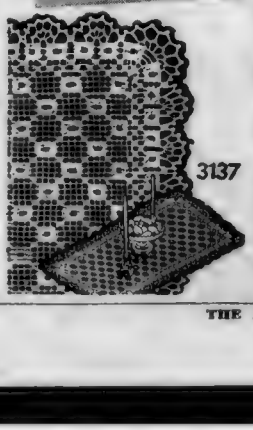
Oregano is the answer to the special something you taste in Italian dishes when you dine in a truly Italian restaurant. For spaghetti, sprinkle some oregano in the sauce or put a pinch in the spaghetti water.

Other tempters in the herb family are basil, juniper, marjoram, rosemary, sage, tarragon, savory and thyme. Try them all, but first take heed that you don't err in their use. In soups or stews, add the herbs during the last hour of cooking to get their full flavor. In salads and cold dishes, mix the herbs in with your other ingredients. In vegetable drinks, the secret is to let the herbs mix fully with the juices overnight, then serve.

I have given you just a few ideas for the use of simple, easy to grow herbs—go to it, and gain a reputation for that certain added something in your basic dishes.

Beatrice Kay, Young Gay Nineties Star of Stage, Screen and Radio, Spends Her Spare Time Experimenting With Herbs Which She Grows Herself.

Pattern News



3872—Band sleeves, huge pockets add dash to this classic. Sizes 12-20. Size 16, 2⅞ yards 39-inch fabric; ½ yard of contrast.

3871 — Embroider twin peacocks on this soft blouse. Sizes 12-20. Size 16, 1½ yds. 39-in.; transfer included.

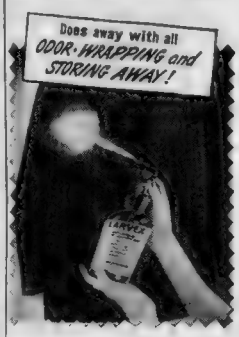
3137—A dainty all-over pattern in filet crochet. Make scarfs, cloths. Directions included.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, 635 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

BIG WOOLEN MILLS USE this easy modern SURE way to MOTH PROOF

Now sold for home use!



One Spraying Actually Mothproofs the Cloth Itself For a Whole Year!

You need more than just an insecticide if you want to BE SURE moths will never eat your precious woolens. You need to actually mothproof them with LARVEX—the sensational easy, modern *positive* way to protect coats, suits and furs from moth damage. *Proved* by years of success.

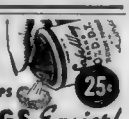
So Sure! Moths will commit suicide by starvation rather than eat anything treated with LARVEX. This magic spray penetrates the woolen fibres and actually mothproofs the cloth itself. Lasts a whole year.

So Quick! Just spray the garment with LARVEX and hang it in its usual place *ready for immediate wear.* No tiresome wrapping. No storing away. No mothball, no camphor, no cedar odor.

So Inexpensive! It costs no more to LARVEX a suit than it does to get it dry cleaned. And LARVEX gives POSITIVE PROTECTION against moth damage. Only 79¢ a pint. $1.19 a quart.

LARVEX *Largest Selling Mothproofer*

Spilly 10% D.D.T.



FLEXI-CAP APPLICATOR HELPS **KILL BUGS** *Easier!*

Simply press rubber-domed Flexi-Cap and out puffs D. D. T. powder, into cracks, crevices. Kills bugs easily. If dealer can't supply, send $1 for 4 packages.

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from external causes

MEDICATED Resinol acts fast to relieve itchy smarting of surface pimples, lessen desire to "pick" and scratch; and thus quicken healing. Wash well with Resinol Soap—apply soothing Resinol—watch results.

At all druggists. Buy today.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Do you want to
STOP
but CAN'T?

DOES
ALCOHOLIC
EXCESS
STAND BETWEEN
YOU AND SUCCESS?

If you are one of those unfortunates whom alcohol is depriving of health and opportunity, remember this: *Drunkenness is a disease* and as such is subject to control. The McTaggart System functions on this basis. Its pure vegetable liquids destroy totally the taste or craving for alcohol and free a person from all need or desire for this stimulant. In fact they create an antipathy to it. The nervous, digestive and circulatory systems are naturally benefited. No hospitalization of any kind is needed. This is strictly a

HOME SYSTEM

It does not interfere in any way with daily business or social routine. Effects are noticeable within a few days. While it is eliminating the alcohol from the system it is supplying a substance which is temporarily needed, but this substitute is a purely vegetable tincture and is non-narcotic. Therefore stimulants are discontinued without any inconvenience. With the craving for alcohol gone, no will power is required for continuous abstinence from drink. The cost is very moderate and is covered many times over by the financial savings effected. Write for literature.

IMPORTANT—Dr. McTaggart's System has a 40-year record of accomplishment. It is sold with the distinct understanding that if at the end of the prescribed period results are not entirely satisfactory its purchase price will be promptly refunded.

McTAGGART SUPPLY CO., 1011 Woodward Ave. Dept. AW-10, DETROIT 26, MICHIGAN

Without obligation, send me your booklet on the McTaggart System in a plain envelope.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

FOR Luxuriant LATHER
Get the Original
PHYSICIANS' & SURGEONS' SOAP
SINCE 1888
AT DRUG COUNTERS
Send 15¢ (stamps or coin) for full size trial cake. Physicians Supply Co., 1355 Union Trust Bldg., Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

What Thousands Do About BAD SKIN

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10-Day Test. Apply clean, pleasant-scented MERCIREX (mercy-rex) Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and bumps, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Flesh-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 60¢. Mercirex Soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. At druggists.

MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN
OINTMENT · SOAP · SHAMPOO

'Big 3' of Beauty Care

By Sally Young

CARE of the skin should begin in our youth and it should be a daily practice from then on. The "Big Three" of complexion care are Cleanliness, Stimulation and Lubrication.

Skin Types

ROUGHLY, we can divide types of skin into oily, normal and dry. The normal skin is a boon to the owner as care is very simple. Warm water, a good soap and a good scrubbing morning and night is generally sufficient. For little dry patches, lubrication with a light nourishing cream, and stimulation through the use of a mild astringent may be in order.

Special Care

IF your skin is inclined to be oily, omit the nourishing cream and just concentrate on the cleansing and stimulating. However, if you like to use a good cleansing cream instead of soap and water to clean the skin twice or three times a week, follow the application with a skin tonic, one that is beneficial to an oily skin. If you'd like to make your own, dissolve a teaspoonful of boric acid in a half-pint of witch hazel. In addition, bathe the face two or three times daily with plain witch hazel.

Enlarged pores and blackheads are often bugaboos to the girl with the oily skin.

Here's a facial mask recommended to alleviate a blackhead condition: Apply beauty clay made with equal parts of witch hazel and peroxide and enough fuller's earth to make a smooth, creamy paste. After about ten minutes, or when the clay has dried, remove, using tepid water, and then bathe the face thoroughly with witch hazel by means of a soft cloth.

For enlarged pores: Prepare a lotion by dissolving one dram of boric acid in eight ounces of witch hazel. Bathe the face nightly in warm water to which a little witch hazel has been added. Dry with a soft towel. Then take a piece of soft linen or a bit of absorbent cotton and apply the lotion. For best results refrain from the use of cosmetics during this treatment.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, use a heavy nourishing cream and remove only the excess before using a mild astringent. Never use a strong astringent on a dry skin, for strong astringents may have drying qualities.

Beauty Budget

THE woman with a beauty budget will find good quality witch hazel an inexpensive and effective complexion aid. It is a mild astringent and skin-toner, excellent for most types of skin.

Keep a bottle of witch hazel in the refrigerator and use it chilled after cleansing and creaming your face and neck.

Another thing to remember in caring for the skin is always to use a light, firm upward motion when massaging.

Care doesn't stop with the face. The neck is just as important, and should always be included in your daily care.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise

that Always-Fresh look...
...with Woodbury Cold Cream

LUCILLE BREMER
featured in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"DARK DELUSION"

"Daytime and Datetime, keep skin beauty-clean!" advises Lucille. Try her beauty-glow cleansing...with Woodbury Cold Cream. Four rich oils cleanse, soften, smooth dryness—it's your luxury-loving night cream too! Try it for skin that's always-fresh...Woodbury-Wonderful!

MAKE THAT HOUSEHOLD TASK EASIER—

Reprints of many of the most helpful household articles which have appeared in The American Weekly are available. Look for the box in this issue that tells you how to get them.

"Why, my dear, washday's practically a picnic now!"

It's so much easier to get out a big wash when you use Duz! That's because this *one* great soap does *all* your Monday wash—tough or dainty—does it fast and clean and safe!

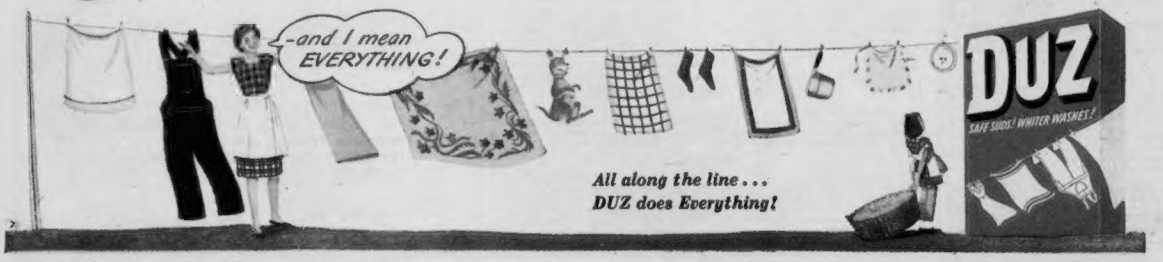
Why, no soap made can outdo Duz at getting out dirt! Duz gets even the grimiest overalls *clean*, even the dingiest towels gleaming *white*.

Yet Duz is actually *safer*—even for pretty colored rayon undies—than any other "big-name" washday package soap!

Try Duz! You'll want those soapy-rich Duz suds for all your wash, *every* wash—'cause *Duz does Everything!*

1
SEE HOW WHITE DUZ DOES EVEN THE DINGIEST TOWELS ! NO SOAP GETS WHITE THINGS WHITER !
2
SEE HOW CLEAN DUZ DOES EVEN THE GRIMIEST OVERALLS ! NO SOAP BEATS DUZ AT GETTING OUT DIRT !
3
YET DUZ DOES EVEN PRETTY RAYON UNDIES SAFER THAN ANY OTHER LEADING WASHDAY PACKAGE SOAP !

DUZ does Everything



All along the line . . .
DUZ does Everything!

MOM! I'M FRANTIC!
THAT DARNED HUSBAND OF MINE THINKS HE DOESN'T LIKE FISH!
STOP WORRYING, SUE!
YOUR FATHER WAS LIKE THAT UNTIL I SERVED HIM HE-MAN TUNA DISHES!

There are lots of ways of serving tuna . . . both hot and cold . . . that men like. That important "He" in your life will go for Tuna Cutlets in a big way. Or, Curried Tuna. And in hot weather, a great big Tuna Salad. But, be sure to "introduce" him to tuna at its best . . . insist upon these famous brands of QUALITY tuna.

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California

THE BRANDS THAT MADE TUNA FAMOUS
Buy EITHER brand . . . the quality is the same

Creating Rayon and Wool

By Doris Denison

SHRINKPROOF, waterproof, spotproof, fireproof, and mothproof fabrics are realities, thanks to new chemical "proof" treatments which are bringing a revolution in modern fibers and fabrics.

Shrinkage Control

DEPARTMENT stores have indicated that their most important demand from shoppers is for shrinkproof merchandise.

Preshrunk cotton fabrics have long been on the market. Now scientists have developed a process which produces the same result in rayon. Materials containing rayon or acetate which have undergone such a process will not shrink or stretch as a result of normal laundering procedures, which means they need not be segregated from cottons on wash day.

Woolens

WOOLENS tend to shrink more than any other fabric, so it is good news to learn that this problem is being solved too. New processes virtually eliminate shrinkage and do away with the danger of matting or felting. Such treatments are most practical now for knitted goods such as woolen socks and underwear.

Spot Resistance

ONE of the newest tricks in finishes is an invisible plastic coating for lunch and table cloths which protects them against almost anything, but leaves the feel of the fabric unchanged. Restaurant proprietors refer to them as the "doodler's delight." They can be defaced with pencil, fountain pen ink, coffee, catsup or soup and then wiped clean with a damp cloth.

The new plastic film is applied in layers only one-thousandth of an inch thick, and withstands washing, although wipe-off cleaning works for many weeks. It can be applied equally well to draperies, slipcovers and other upholstery fabrics.

Waterproof Finishes

WATERPROOF and water-repellent finishes are no longer new in the textile field, but the older ones had to be re-applied after every washing or dry-cleaning job. Newer finishes, however, are truly permanent and give lifetime protection to the fabrics.

Work Clothes

SPOT resistant work clothes for men consisting of a trimly tailored shirt, trousers and jacket are made of rugged cotton treated with a durable repellent finish. Raindrops roll off the fabric. Dirt stays on the surface and does not penetrate the fiber—something to appreciate!

Outer Finishes

GOOD looking drapery fabric woven of non-combustible yarns has been designed especially for use in public buildings, and can also be used in the home.

Modern mothproof fabrics have their repellent properties built into them in the manufacturing stage.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

Sally thought she saw a stranger
Coming round the bend.

But when she sprayed the Windex on
She recognized a friend!

Junior played at tick-tack-toe
On the bathroom mirror

But mother soon took care of that—
She keeps the Windex near her!

Daddy thought his sight was failing
(His glasses were not clean.)

But some Windex on his specs—
Made Daddy's vision keen!

Spray it on—wipe it off
That's all you have to do!
For easy cleaning, glasses gleaming
Windex sees it through!

Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

WINDEX

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. by The Drackett Company

WINDEX is a *must* for house cleaning! No streaking, no film, when you insist on this *dustless*, noninflammable, oil-free cleaner. Don't trust cheap substitutes!

Costs less than a penny per window — even thriftier in the big 20-ounce size.

Copr. 1947, by The Drackett Company

Stop CORNS!

NEVER wait! Promptly protect sore toes from shoe pressure with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Pain vanishes—corns are stopped *before* they can develop! But—if you have corns—these thin, soothing, cushioning, protective pads will stop painful shoe friction, lift pressure — *instantly*.

SPEEDILY, GENTLY REMOVE CORNS

You'll marvel, too, how quickly Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads remove corns when used with the separate *Medications* included. No other method does all these things! Insist on Dr. Scholl's. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

At 20 great Universities . . .

Voted the most wanted pen for graduation

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Help your graduate on to success. Give a "51" . . . world's most wanted pen

Handsomely matched Parker "51" pen and pencil set in rich Cordovan Brown. 14K gold-filled caps and trim. The price: $22.50 plus tax.

● No wonder seniors at 20 great universities, coast to coast, have made Parker their first choice—more wanted than *the next 3 makes of pens combined!* • Here's a pen whose very looks inspire confidence. Slim, tapered, perfectly balanced—it's eager to write. The unique hooded point starts instantly—glides smoothly—provides new freedom for thoughts and fingers. And this is the pen that *writes dry with wet ink!* • Gladden your graduate . . . help him achieve success . . . with the gift of a Parker "51", world's most-wanted pen. • Choice of four colors. $12.50; $15.00. Pencils, $5.00; $7.50. Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. Parker "V-S" pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

"51 writes dry with wet ink!"

Copr. 1947 by The Parker Pen Company